

SAMARA

1970-71



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT, ENDEAVOURS'S ALL"

—BROWNING

SAMARA

1970 - 1971



“SUCCESS IS NAUGHT: ENDEAVOUR’S ALL”
- Browning



SCHOOL SONG

CHORUS

Glory glory halleluiah,
Glory glory halleluiah,
Glory glory halleluliah,
Elmwood marches on!

Mrs. Whitwill tries to teach us all the history we must know
But our memories, it is plain to see, are very stop and go
If British history comes to mind, then French will surely go.
HER MEMORY MARCHES ON.

Some memories of Elmwood I shall always surely hold
Of the antiquated heating that's too hot or else too cold
And the lunches if not mouldy, must be surely two weeks old.
ELMWOOD MARCHES ON.

The Aldous-Carter combination really runs the school
And they always try to trip us up on any silly rule
The tortures they inflict on us, really are too cruel.
THEIR MEMORY MARCHES ON.

They tell us of tradition and what Elmwood's all about
But they never seem to tell us how the heck we can get out
They poison the poor students – and that now without a doubt.
ELMWOOD MARCHES ON

The Junior School's enthusiasm really makes us sick
We love to cut them up and see what really makes them tick
To quiet them in Assembly really is a trick.
THEIR MEMORY MARCHES ON.

Mrs. Brokenshire's etiquette is perfect to a tee
Another Emily Post is she, it's very plain to see
If you dissect your sandwiches it's revolted she will be.
HER MEMORY MARCHES ON.

It's nice to be in the Senior School 'cause we're all such good friends
The 13's love the 12's and the 11's love the 10's
The grade nines love each other and there the seniors end.
THEIR MEMORY MARCHES ON.

Mrs. Davies always telling us that in jokes are all out
But that's just because she doesn't know what they are all about
If you mention cherry trees, she will give a shout.
HER MEMORY MARCHES ON.

The boys at Ashbury College, they really are no fun
They are all obnoxious creeps except for maybe one
But our grade nine girls sure seem to like 'em young.
THEIR MEMORY MARCHES ON.

Mr. Whitwill's the mad scientist of our beloved school
If he's not wrapped up in an atom he is in a molecule
Now we must all remember Newton's thirty-second rule.
HIS MEMORY MARCHES ON.

To end our song we must admit it's not such a bad place
That is, if you don't mind a hunter green rat race
At least when we get out of here we'll know how to say grace.
ELMWOOD MARCHES ON.

PUTTING TOGETHER A YEARBOOK



The Samara Staff

Nora Curran, Assistant; Cindy Leigh, Assistant; Debbie Coyne, Editor;
Christine Haase, Assistant Editor, Christy-Ann Lomas, Assistant.
Absent: Sue Cohen, Sheri Price.

EDITORIAL

Dear Readers;

This year has been a year of surprises in one way or another for all of us. We have skied, swum, played bridge and taken part in many other activities on our Wednesday afternoons. We have participated in inter-school volleyball and basketball, and even entered in a ski meet. Sports has become a much more important facet of our school life than ever before and in this connection a very successful auction took place in February in support of the "gym" fund. Who knows? We may yet live to see this much longed-for addition to the school.

We have had, as always, the usual struggle in putting together the Samara. My staff and I were rather disappointed at the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the students. We would have appreciated your suggestions and your constructive criticisms on the content of the yearbook. In that way we could give the most satisfaction to the most people. Nevertheless the committee has put their best efforts forward and we hope that they have not been in vain. When you have finished reading through this yearbook please remember to pass your opinions of it on to next year's Samara Committee.

DEBBIE COYNE



Senior Prefect, Jennifer Chance; Assistant Headmistress, Mrs. Aldous; Headmistress, Mrs. Whitwill; Head Girl, Jacqueline Heard.



PREFECTS

Debbie Coyne, Margie Guthrie, Jane Martin, Jennifer Chance, Pat Mullen, Janet Urie, Georgie Binks, Jackie Heard, Vicky Wilgress, Nancy Worthen.
Seated: Mrs. Whitwill

The seasons go 'round and 'round,
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captured on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look behind . . .

Joni Mitchell





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GRADUATES

JACKIE HEARD

*"I must go down to the sea again
To the lovely sea and the sky;
And all I need is a tall ship
And a star to sail her by."*

Jackie Heard our head girl for this year has been an Elmwoodian for five. A natural at sports, school and extra curricular activities such as Gilbert and Sullivan productions with Ashbury, Jack's plans for the future are still uncertain but our "virtuous and human" head girl will be remembered by her class as the always ready chauffeur to the P---- and G---- S----- for a B---- and a coffee.

Jackie doesn't know whether to take a year off in Europe studying the sights and architecture and eating octopus or to plunge into the University of Toronto for a History and English major. Whatever she decides we know our Jackie will succeed in whatever she does and our best wishes for success and most of all happiness follow her. So long -----!



JENNIE CHANCE

"This too shall pass".

Jennie has been at Elmwood for three years and in her second won notoriety as school bell ringer. This year as senior prefect Jen could be seen about the school chasing juniors, enjoying prayers or as always — trying to collect money. An avid skier at Camp Fortune as well as a lead in the Gilbert and Sullivan productions, Jennie has dedicated herself to Elmwood. Next year Jennie hopes to ride her trusty tricycle around the campus of Queen's University while studying law or social work.



JANE MARTIN

"Revenge never repairs an injury."

Jane Martin, patient head of Fry House divides her time between school and her animal instincts — Pippin, Paddy and Beau. During her five years at Elmwood the "hallowed halls" have witnessed numerous spontaneous witty comments, baggy tights and washed-out bloomers, hairy English endeavours and psyched-out spares.

Jane, Grade 13's "étudiante bilingue" will probably go to Ottawa U. next year for Honours French. Her determination is sure to carry her through. Good luck - - -



VICKI WILGRESS

*Things may come and things may go,
but I go on forever.*

Vicki, better known as 'Baby', or 6U's bird, when not saving her bird from burning feet in her soup, is looking after her flock of Nightingales and keeping Mrs. Davies in a state of hysteria. Vicki has spent a great part of the past seven years hitting birdies and has finally won the badminton doubles! Her favourite things are: dill pickles, blue Austins, and dirty hippies. When Vicki was not representing the 'chicks' at Simpsons last year, she was studying that rare species, the 'Doni Sinclairis'. With her love of animals and children Vicki hopes to study psychology at Queen's, then work with one or the other. Wherever you go, Baby, THINK!





GEORGIE BINKS

*Don't ever tell anybody anything.
If you do, you start missing everybody.*

'George' has been at Elmwood for three years. This year she was head of Keller, and so far, she has done a fantastic job. I guess we can all remember Georgie as that straight blond who laughed with her eyes closed and her mouth open. She has a liking for pogo-sticks, sleeping in math, charity money, apartments and innocent people like me! She is a great influence on everyone (usually for the better) and I'm sure you agree that no one could fail to like her. Next year she plans to go to Queen's and become a lawyer. Good luck George!



MARGIE GUTHRIE

*"There is no duty we so much underate as the duty
of being happy."*

Margie is known for her quiet classroom smile and her fits of giggles when with friends. She also grins in the gym, on the tennis courts, the ski slopes, and while curling or hiking with Ashbury. But she has worked hard, too. Last year Margie was head of the Sui Sang Committee. Four of her five Elmwood years have been spent in the choir. During her year of Golden Girdle responsibilities, she has proved that no crisis could make her frown.

Always keep smiling, Margie.

LORRAINE WINTERTON

*"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Elmwood, fare thee well".*

This was Lorraine's third year at Elmwood. Her school activities of which some must be excluded were basketball, riding and broomball. Most of her time was taken up with chemistry, math and biology but she enjoyed the back row group in prayers. Aside from late morning arrivals and pre-chemistry frustrations she contributed many memorable, witty remarks in English class. As for future plans, Lorraine hopes to study biology here in Ottawa.



MARKIE COCHRAN

"Only fools blow kisses, wise men deliver in person".

Markie, 6U's child, is Elmwood's latest paradox as she is both an old and new girl. Although most of us thought she was kind of fishy anyway, Markie has become a keen scuba diver. Plagued with an allergy to make-up her favourite things are fighting with Vicki, jumping on people's laps, Boeing 707's, turning chalk white, and Lisgar. Markie is currently trying to get her driver's license so that she can obtain her diploma as a crazy teenager. Good luck at Carleton and we all hope you find your King Lear (or Prince Charming).





MARJORIE SWIFT

"Help Stamp Out Summer."

Marjorie came to us this year from St. Helen's in Quebec. A lively member of the class, especially with "Twin" in French, she has been a most welcome addition to the group on the third floor. An avid skier, Marjorie spends most of her time at Mont Tremblant near her home town of St. Jovite. An energetic clarinet virtuoso, this young lady never has the stamina to walk to the mail box. Next year Marjorie plans to adapt her skills in dissecting rats to nursing at McMaster or Western. We all wish her the best of luck.



MOLLIE MONTGOMERY

"Second star to the right and straight on 'til morning . . ."

Mollie contributed much to Grade 13, 1970-71; for instance, she used the common room furniture as an outlet for her artistic frustrations, painting toad-stools on the radiators. The common room suffered even more, by the appearance of her record-player, and her mug with the racing stripe. Tennis at break and cramming Latin translations took up a large part of the school-day. "J.B." can be easily distinguished in a crowd, because of the vicious pen-knife hanging from her belt, and her hair which refuses to stay "confined." In the future, Mollie hopes she will still be able to find the "Forest."

GAILEY MAN KI LI

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

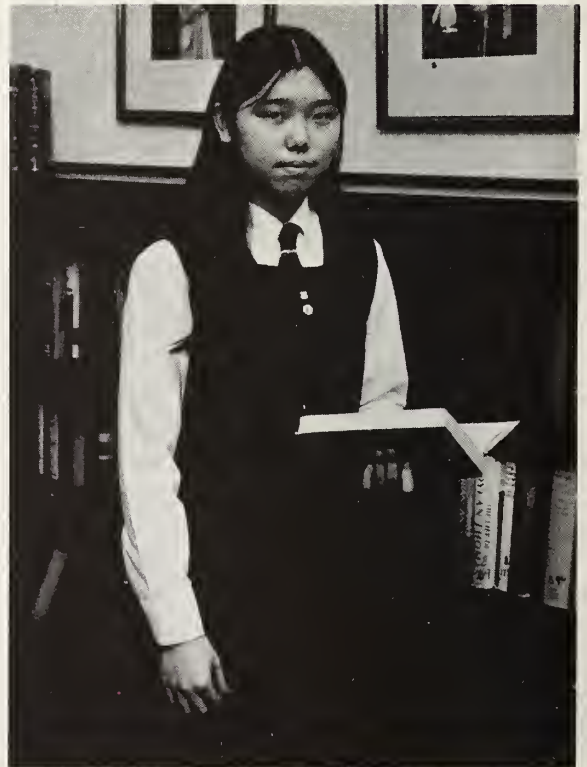
Gailey is the scientist in the grade 13. She spends most of her time at Ashbury College competing with the boys. Often she tops the class in Chemistry and Physics. She is also our expert in Mathematics. We all know Gailey's smiling face. Did you know that she is an expert at sewing too?



GRACE YEUNG

*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet
and
a light unto my path.*

Grace is industrious at her studies. She spends most of her time at mathematics and has made tremendous progress. Besides, she is good at cooking too. We would like her to start a big restaurant some day, then we could have free lunches! But unfortunately, she has already decided to be a nurse.





LIZ MENZIES

*I feel no pain, dear mother, now. But oh I
am so dry.
O take me to a brewery, and leave me there to die.*

Three years ago, Liz came to us fighting, and she hasn't given up yet! Her great enthusiasm for the extra curricular activities of basketball, broomball and riding, not to mention having a smoke in the ol' Greasy Spoon, are well known. She especially enjoys 'Prayers', which she faithfully attends! Liz is going to Ottawa University to major in Biology next year, and then it's on to Marine Biology. Best of luck, 'Fungus Eyes!'



LEE-ANN COCHRANE

"Semper ubi sub ubi"

Lee-Ann, 6U's joker-philosopher is in need of firm support. After a degree in musical chairs at Western, "Mouth's" ambition is to be a "narc" at the "Spoon." At present she is head food taster at the "Beat It and Eat It." We wish her luck and an honorary membership at the restaurant of her choice.

HEATHER DAVIDSON

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

This was Heather's first year at Elmwood and it proved a very busy one. Between weekends at Montreal and late night train rides, she still found time for her schoolwork, classmates, and friends. She proved to be a responsible, capable and helpful person as well as class captain. The future will probably see Heather at Queens or Western. Whatever her plans our best wishes go with her. Remember to keep blushing Heather.



JANET HAMPSON

"Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits."

Jan can be easily identified by picking up her bunny-kins mug . . . Although telephone posts visibly wince and rub their shins, Liz's I.O.U.'s are proof that, yes, she really can drive. (i.e. scratch on car) Besides, after the great "voyageur coach" scare, she's strictly given up sunflower seeds. Next year she's going to University to learn how to be clever, since she's already beyond six. Oh yes, her tennis serve is as wild as her paint-brush. Happiness Jan.





THE STAFF



Back Row: Dr. Micklethwaite, Mrs. Micklethwaite, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Dymond, Mrs. LaBossiere, Mrs. Uhrenbacher.
 Middle Row: Mrs. Carter, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Harwood-Jones, Mrs. Grills, Mrs. MacRae, Mrs. Routliffe,
 Mr. Whitwill.
 Front Row: Mrs. Perley-Robertson, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Whitwill, Mrs. Aldous, Mrs. Brokenshire,
 Mrs. Badley, Miss Martel.
 Absent: Mrs. Macleod.



Sing, Choirs of angels!



Sorry, I forgot my oxfords.



On strike?



Fuddle-Duddle!



$2 + 2 = 5?$

6M — GRADE 12



Mrs. Brokenshire



Shelley Conder



Debbie Coyne



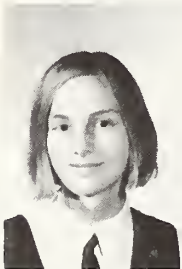
Mary Pat Curran



Marnie Edwards



Sue Evans



Sally Gale



Jane Ginsberg



Marissa Goebbels



Christine Haase



Halina Jeletsky



Anne MacDonald



Penny MacRae



Diana Magee



Molly Marion



Jane Micklethwaite



Olwyn Morrow



Patricia Mullen



Sandi Rubin



Lynne Sampson



Ingrid Sorensen



Mimi Stanfield



Inge Uhrenbacher

Marvelous, Miraculous, Magnificent, Unique,
Magnetic personalities, 26 to speak.
We're meticulous but merry and we're very versatile.
We 6M's stick together, it's teamwork all the while.



Janet Urie



Sarah Whitwill



Nancy Worthen

Absent: Nancy King.

5A — GRADE 11



Carol Aaron



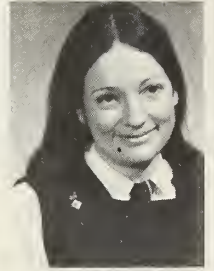
Anne Bell



Mrs. Dymond



Dorie Blair



Sue Cohen



Nora Curran



Isabel Douglas



Sandra Finley



Wendy Hampson



Jo-Ann Hoberman



Christy Ann Lomas



Pat Lynch-Staunton



Shareen Marland



Rosamund Morgan



Sharen Nadolny



Jane Nicholls



Ann Perley-Robertson



Sheri Price



Joy Ramcharan



Lesslie Ross



Mary Elinor Snelgrove



Anne Stevenson



Sonia Topelko

5-A FORM NOTES

5-A is, without doubt, the best form in the school. Ask the teachers, they all look forward to teaching us. Ask the prefects who all clamour to sit at our table on Fridays. We would like to take this opportunity to give recognition to the outstanding individuals who united, form our great class. Our thanks to Butch and Worth who always bear with us in difficult times. So here they are — our best:

- | | |
|-------------|---|
| JANET | — Scoobie Doobie Award |
| | — Boy Hater Award (min. of 3 dates a weekend) |
| ROS | — Mad Driver Award |
| | — Most Alert Student Award |
| SHERI | — "Dear Bernie Award" |
| JOY | — "Dear Bernie Award" (they tied) |
| WENDY | — Jiminy Cricket Award |
| ZORINA | — Most Distinguishable Award |
| REHANS | — Most Distinguishable Award |
| | (we had to give to both of them 'cause we can't tell them apart! ! !) |
| JO-ANN | — Most Faithful Dieter Award (our pet elephant) |
| TRISH | — Professional Hookey Player Award (too much snow Trish?) |
| ISABEL | — Professional Hookey Player Award (they're a team) |
| SHARON | — Most Courteous Student Award (for outstanding endeavour in Math) |
| | — Split End Award (just ask Lizzie) |
| JANE | — Most Outspoken Award |
| LESLIE | — Class Disrupter Award |
| SANDRA | — Teacher's Pet Award (we love her too!) |
| | — Image of Innocence Award |
| SUSY | — Dirty Guys Club Award (also an honorable mention for attendance) |
| NORA | — Blonds Have More Fun Award (how's the Tequilla Nora?) |
| ANN | — Athlete of '71 Award |
| | — "Trainer" Award |
| | — Jungle Mouth Award (can I borrow your Binaca Ann?) |
| SONIA | — Detention Room Warmer Award |
| | — Class Gum Supplier Award |
| DORIE | — "Tuck" Fiend Award (7 bags of chips & 110 black-balls please) |
| SHAREEN | — Absentee Award |
| MEG | — Animal Hater Award |
| | — Golden Egg Carton Award |
| ANNE | — Snow-plower Award |
| CHRISTY ANN | — Class Idiot Award |
| CAROL | — Animal Instinct Award (WOOF) |
| ALISON | — Linguist Award (French, Japanese, Transilvanian, etc....) |
| LIZ | — Elmwood Fanatic Award |
| | — Most Agreeable Student Award |



Alison Urie



Janet Westphal



Rehana Kahn



Zorina Kahn

5B — GRADE TEN



Cathy Ashton



Mrs. Badley



Jane Bell



Talitha Fabricius



Cathy Ginsberg



Ann Graham



Alison Green



Catherine Guthrie



Jennifer Hargreaves



Lucy Ismail



Roberta Laking



Cindy Leigh



Heather Nesbitt



Arabella Nixon



Beth Parkinson



Jackie Portal-Foster



Alison Schofield



Judy Smythe



Daphne Snelgrove

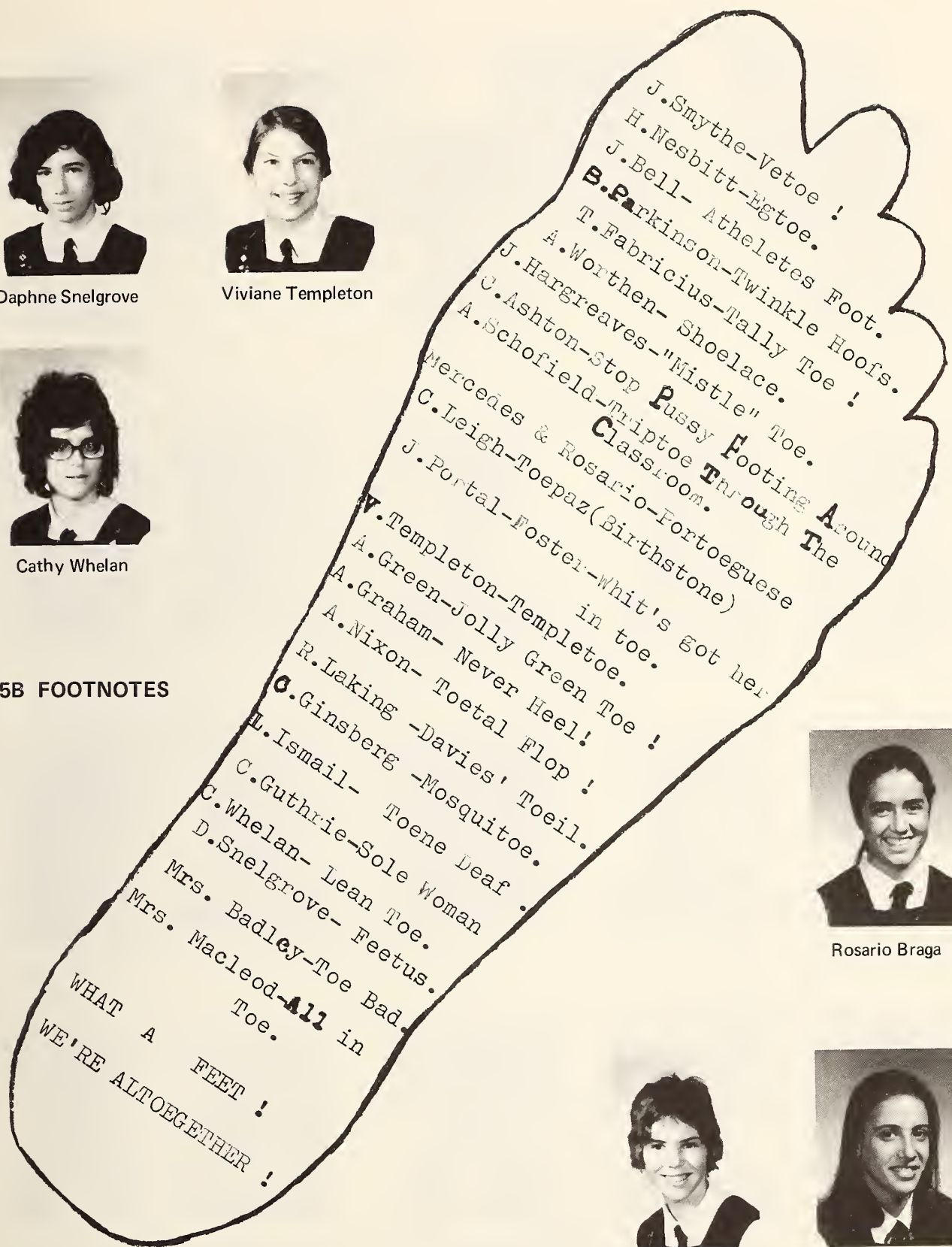


Viviane Templeton



Cathy Whelan

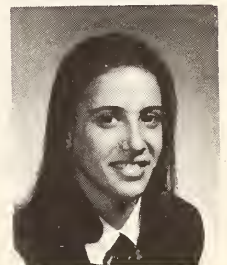
5B FOOTNOTES



Rosario Braga



Ann Worthen



Mercedes Neves Da Rocha

5C — GRADE NINE



Sarah Abbott



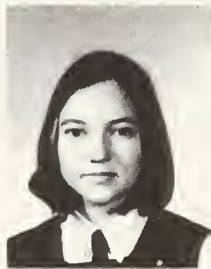
Miss Martel



Terry Clark



Julia Clubb



Diana Conway



Barbara Coyne



Carrie-Anne Douglas



Carol-Anne English



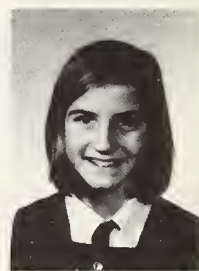
Simonne Fletcher



Karen Hayes



Tessa Kerr



Sandra Kovachic



Lesley Macmillan



Donna MacPhee



Elizabeth Marion



Laurie McCoubrey



Jennifer Miles



Alicie Nowyakudluk



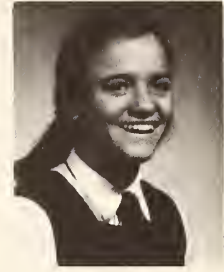
Lesley Ogilvie



Janis Robertson



Celina Llerena



Nina Braga

GRADE NINE'S CLASS COMMANDMENTS ARE DELIVERED

Sarah Abbatt: Thou shalt be prim and proper,
For thou art an English daughter.

Terry Clark: Thou shalt cease to worry.

Julia Clubb: Thou shalt purchase a muzzle (in other words keep thine mouth shut)

Diana Conway: Art thou sure makeup is necessary?

Barbara Coyne: Ring thy chimes! ! ! ! !

Carrie Douglas: Thou shalt use a bigger bowl, next time you cut thine hair.

Carol-Anne English: Thou shalt cease to keep thine self to thine self.

Simonne Fletcher: Thou shalt but thine self from thine knees to thine thighs and make thine self a normal size.

Karen Hayes: Thou shalt cease to aggravate thine Science teacher with thine 'battle' songs.

Tessa Kerr: Thou shalt cease to count the days 'til Bill comes home.

Sandy Kovachic: Thou shalt contribute thine body to Science as a molecule.

Jennifer Leger: Thou shalt attend thine school.

Lesley MacMillan: Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's lunch.

Donna Macphee: Thou shalt cease to be an oddball during Science.

Laurie McCoubrey: Thou shalt cease to draw self-portraits.

Liz Marion: Thou shalt keep control of thy verbal diaphoresis.

Jennifer Miles: Thou shalt beat the frizzies ! ! ! ! !

Quote: "It's just awful" (unquote).

Alicie Nowyakudluk: Thou shalt cease to shy away from volleyball.

Leslie Ogilvie: Thou shalt cease to amaze us with thine 'bikini' (wow! really kini, kini) underwear.

Janis Robertson: Thou shalt cease your false pretense of disliking members of the opposite sex. (BOYS)

Deborah Williams: Thou shalt cease to dote on horses.

Celina

&
Nina * THOU SHALT REMEMBER US ! ! ! ! !

Mademoiselle Martel: Thou shalt cease to be called Mademoiselle Martel (CONGRATULATIONS).

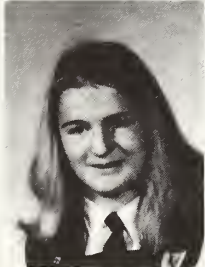
Absent: Jennifer Leger, Debbie Williams.

4 A

FELONS

DÉSIRÉE
VON
REUSS

IN FOR
HI-JACKING
A PLANE
TO GERMANY



DEBORAH
DOUBEK

IN FOR
BURNING
HER 'BRA



ANNE
KOCH
(NO PICTURE)

IN FOR
BEING FULL
OF FIZZ

DEBORAH
CHAPPELL

IN FOR
BEING
TOO NOISY



RANJANA
BASU

IN FOR
FAILING
HER I. Q. TEST



KARA
HATTERSLY-
SMITH

IN FOR
TWO-TIMING
HISTORY



WENDY
MACPHEE

IN FOR
FLIRTY-DIRTY
LOOKS ON THE
SKI-SLOPES



ANDREA
LINTON

IN FOR
SOUNDING
LIKE A
BARNYARD



ANNE-MARIE
KOPP
(CHOIR MONITOR)

IN FOR
LOSING
HER VOICE



MARY
BENSON

IN FOR NOT
CO-OPERATING
WITH
HEDGES

FRANCES
ELKIE

IN FOR BEING
A FICKLE,
FRECKLED FELON
OF THE
FARKIE FAMILY



MRS
WOOD.

IN FOR
BEING A
TEACHER.



MARIANNE
CUHARI

IN FOR
WEARING
A WIG



ANNE
BRAITHWAITE

IN FOR
KEEPING ASHBURY
BOYS' SCALPS
IN
HER DESK



CHRISTINA
TINA
COLE

IN FOR
BOARDING AT
ASHBURY



GORGINA
MUNDY

GEORGY²LL
GO ANYWHERE
FOR A
LAUGH



HEATHER
MCINTOSH

IN FOR
STEALING A
CHIPMUNKS
VOICE



SUSAN
ATAK

IN FOR
RIDING A
HIPPO TO
SCHOOL

VIRGINIA
HALL

IN FOR SHOWING
HER BLOOMERS
WITHOUT
BENDING OVER



LEIGH
SAUNDERS

IN FOR
WEARING
FALSE LEGS



SHELAGH
HURLEY

IN FOR
ATTEMPTING
TO TAKE OVER
THE SCHOOL



DEBORAH
BAXTER

IN FOR
STEALING
OTHER PEOPLE'S
FRECKLES



MARGOT
FRANCIS

IN FOR
NEVER
TALKING ABOUT
BOYS



PEGGY
WALLER

IN FOR
DISTURBING
THE PEACE
BY SNORTING

4B — GRADE SEVEN



Mrs. MacRae



Joanna Abbatt



Laurel Chick



Barbara Clark



Cynthia Cowan



Anne Curran



Daria Doubek



Karen Ellis



Keltie Johnston



Leslie Law



Jane Martin



Judy Martin



Susan Reid



Cheryl Saunders



Mimi Singh



Sonya Taticek

4B WOULDN'T BE SO BAD

- IF: Keltie would stop losing things.
- IF: Barb would stop wearing flowers in her hair.
- IF: Laurel would stop talking about her bikini.
- IF: Cheryl would stop yelling in P.T.
- IF: Rosey wouldn't sit out the window.
- IF: Judy would stop playing tag in the classroom.
- IF: Kim didn't chase the boys and worry about her complexion.
- IF: Leslie wouldn't write about ghosts and dream about Englebert Humperdink.
- IF: Karen would stop looking up to people when she is talking to them.
- IF: Sonya wouldn't call people Shorty and pick on someone her own size.
- IF: Susan was a tomboy.
- IF: Jane stopped giggling.
- IF: Mimi was not fiddling with her hair.
- IF: Ann was not late for class.
- IF: Joanna was not so smart.
- IF: Daria would answer some questions in class.



Kim Teron



Roseanna Turner



Angela Cvetanovic

3A — 4C



Florentia Conway



Ailsa Francis



Mrs. MacDonald



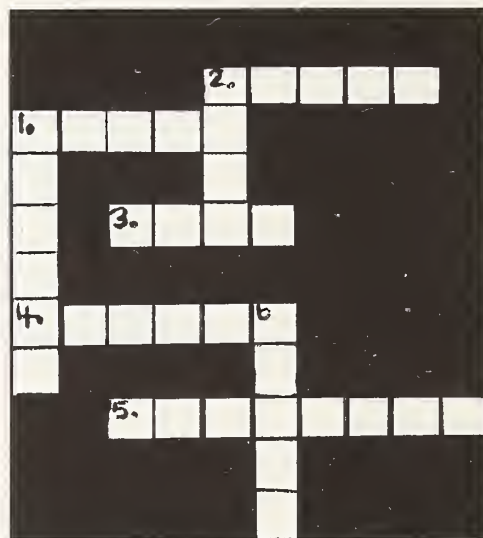
Jennifer Johnston



Jane Scarth

DOWN

1. Always forgets to hand in her books.
(Amanda)
2. First down to "Tuck".
(Jane)
6. Is in Gr. 5 with a sister in Gr. 6.
(Emily)



ACROSS

1. Always neat and clean.
(Ailsa)
2. First out to "Break".
(Jennifer)
3. She always spills her milk.
(Fred)
4. Chubby and lovable.
(Debbie)
5. The funniest short stop.
(Felicity)



Emily Conway



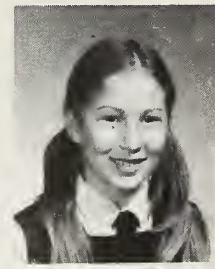
Deborah Desjardins



Amanda Greenhalgh



Felicity Smith



Nadine Cvetanovic

FIONNA RHYS-JONES
OUR
BRIGHT
SUNFLOWER



BARBARA BALLANTYNE
- OUR RED RED
ROSE.



SARA ELLIS
OUR
DELICATE
LILY OF THE
VALLEY



MICHÈLE SMITH
ALWAYS FIRST
SHE'S OUR
CROCUS



MARIANNE KARSH
- OUR Dainty
VIOLET



2A AND 3B

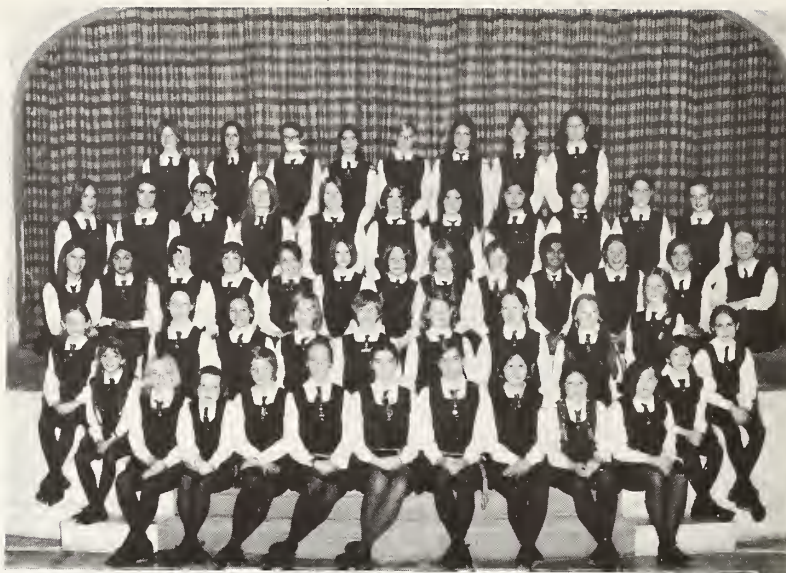


JUDITH BISIKER

WE SEARCH FOR
JUDITH - OUR
LADY'S SLIPPER



FRY HOUSE



Back Row: Simonne Fletcher, Alison Urie, Heather Davidson, Christy Ann Lomas, Elizabeth Marion, Mimi Stanfield, Talitha Fabricius, Alison Scholfield.

Fourth Row: Anne Bell, Sandra Finley, Janet Hampson, Sarah Whitwill, Mollie Montgomery, Tina Cole, Ginny Hall, Grace Yeung, Gailey Man Ki Li, Leigh Saunders, Georgina Mundy.

Third Row: Lesley Ogilvie, Joy Ramcharan, Heather McIntosh, Cheryl Saunders, Debbie Baxter, Mary Benson, Wendy MacPhee, Anne Braithwaite, Shelagh Hurley, Ranjana Basu, Sharon Nadolny, Sonya Taticek, Ingrid Sorensen.

Second Row: Michèle Smith, Carol-Anne English, Wendy Hampson, Sandra Kovachic, Barbara Coyne, Ara Nixon, Jane Bell, Judy Martin, Susan Attack, Joanna Abbatt.

Front Row: Marianne Karsh, Julia Clubb, Jenni Johnston, Debbie Coyne, Jane Martin, Jackie Heard, Nancy Worthen, Alicie Nowyakudluk, Florentia Conway, Jennifer Miles, Felicity Smith.

Absent: Debbie Williams, Jennifer Leger.

FRY HOUSE NOTES

"FRIENDSHIP TO ALL"

Dear Fry,

Another year is here and gone. We have come through fund raising ventures such as bake sales, shoe shines, and bazaars unscathed and ready to start a new year. There have been some changes in the school and the routine. Wednesday afternoon activities have brightened up the week and prayers have a new face.

Fry in this year has experienced both defeat and victory but always good sportsmanship. In sports, Fry did well, in charity money, most were very charitable. Our bake sales raised a large part of our funds and our bazaar at the end of the winter term also helped.

There are many thank yous to be said to our junior head Susan Attack and her vice head Ranjana Basu, and one especially to Nancy Worthen who, after helping as bus monitor, sports captain and other duties, still found time to help Fry.

Finally, on behalf of myself, I would just like to say thank you to all of you for helping me with the ups and downs of the past year.

Love,
Jane.

KELLER HOUSE



Back Row: Sue Evans, Mary-Pat Curran, Fiona Rhys-Jones, Nora Curran, Olwyn Morrow.

Fourth Row: Ann Worthen, Dorie Blair, Viviane Templeton, Lesley Macmillan, Donna MacPhee,

Jennifer Hargreaves, Marnie Edwards, Shelley Conder, Anne MacDonald, Peggy Waller, Sandy Finley, Cathy Guthrie.

Third Row: Molly Marion, Désiree von Reuss, Meg Snelgrove, Penny MacRae, Rosamund Morgan, Sarah Abbatt, Marjorie Swift, Christine Haase, Lorraine Winterton, Sheri Price, Jane Micklethwaite, Karen Hayes.

Second Row: Marianne Cuhaci, Laurie McCoubrey, Cathy Ginsberg, Sonia Topelko, Anne Curran, Pat Lynch-Staunton, Daphne Snelgrove, Margot Francis.

Front Row: Deborah Chappell, Anne Marie Kopp, Roseanna Turner, Judith Bisiker, Pat Mullen, Georgie Binks, Janet Urie, Cynthia Cowan, Deborah Desjardins.

Absent: Sue Cohen, Angela Cvetanovic, Nadine Cvetanovic, Isobel Douglas, Ann Graham, Lucy Ismail, Cathy Koch, Heather Nesbitt, Beth Parkinson.

KELLER HOUSE NOTES

“FAIR PLAY”

Sometimes when the moon is high in the sky and the elm trees sway softly in the breeze of a cool summer night, the song of the Green Meanies can be heard. They sing softly but their tunes are different and I hear one that is prettier than the others. They sing a strange tune and slowly tell me to come inside their house, the home of the Kellerites. They frighten me with their wild, bloodthirsty eyes and tell me to come closer to them and they will make me their leader. What! This pack of demons? Help! Never! But I change my mind because they are friendly to me and promise me red stars. I know nothing of these red stars but I accept. They gave me a small elf helper whom, they tell me will be in charge of Vice. I think there is enough vice among them already but I do not say so. We go on a long journey to the land of Prayers. They say I must keep them quiet but they talk and the louder I scream the more they talk. Why? I cannot understand this? And where are those red stars they promised me? All I see are black stars. All of a sudden things change.

We have parties, we have bake sales and shoe shines and these strange little animals tell me it is for a girl called Charity. That's fine but where are my red stars? All of a sudden there is a terrible thunderstorm and they all run away and hide and leave me alone in a strange forest of gold snakes who continually try to bite me and kill me so they can kidnap my juniors. But I make it through the forest and my little followers return to me and talk quickly of something they must show me. They open a large crimson box and inside lie a thousand red stars that burn brighter than all the suns that have lit our paths through these journeys. They tell me I must leave because they have accomplished what they wanted and have no more use for me. But I have become attached to these little creatures because they have showed me that even though we have gone through hard times together their way of life is beautiful. If only I could hear those voices again and be a part of their strange gatherings that they call House meetings I would never ask for another red star.

Love,
Georgie.

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE



Back Row: Janet Westphal, Marissa Goebbels, Diana Magee, Inga Uhrenbacher, Halina Jeletzky, Markie Cochran, Sharon Marland, Jane Nicholls, Roberta Laking, Jackie Portal-Foster, Elizabeth Menzies.
Third Row: Lesslie Ross, Sandi Rubin, Carrie Anne Douglas, Sally Gale, Sharon Nadolny, Carol Aaron, Cindy Leigh, Alison Green, Diana Conway, Janis Robertson, Ann Perley-Robertson, Cathy Whelan.
Second Row: Kim Teron, Jane Martin, Frances Elkie, Keltie-Anne Johnston, Franklin Sampson, Jane Ginsberg, Leslie Law, Daria Doubek, Kara Hattersley-Smith, Andrea Linton, Terry Clark, Lee-Anne Cochrane, Jane Scarth, Laurel Chick.
Front Row: Mimi Singh, Amanda Greenhalgh, Barbara Ballantyne, Sara Ellis, Margie Guthrie, Vicky Wilgress, Jenny Chance, Ailsa Francis, Karen Ellis, Emily Conway, Barbara Clark.
Absent: Cathy Ashton, Tessa Kerr, Ann Koch, Jill Hepworth, Joanne Hoberman, Susan Reid, Judy Smythe, Ann Stevenson.

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE NOTES

"NOT FOR OURSELVES ALONE"

Dear Nightingale:

Perhaps the hardest job of a house head is saying good-bye at the end of the year. This year was one of the most wonderful years I've experienced at Elmwood and I'm sure that it was the most rewarding one.

I would like to thank you all for your co-operation and enthusiasm in the house this year. Our spirit in the first term was "fantastic" since we won the most red stars, the least black stars and we also donated over half the amount of charity money. Furthermore, I am sure that our spirit will carry on for the next two terms.

Now the fight is on to win the sports cup, but if we win or lose; it's how we play the game.

Thanks for all your support in our bake sales and especially our Christmas party where I owe special thanks to Jackie Portal-Foster for playing the part as Santa Claus. Even your support for "Good Companions" was grateful.

At this time I would also like to congratulate Jane Martin (senior) and Georgie Binks for being two great house heads and the competition for the best house was a great struggle among us.

Before I close, I realize that I might not see many of you next year; to everyone I wish the best of luck in the future and as you meet the countless challenges in the future, remember our motto, "Not For Ourselves Alone."

Love,

Vicky.

art.





Still Life
by Karen Hayes



A Black and White Study of a Colourful Picture
by Margie Guthrie



Exotic Oriental Tree
by Mollie Marion



Sleeping Sailboats
by Mollie Montgomery



Storm In The Wheatfields
by Sally Gale

Le Moulin Rouge
by Sandi Rubin





Portrait of Jan
By Sandi Rubin



Landscape



*The Ottawa River
by Halina Jelezky*



*Rockcliffe Park Look-out
by Barbara Coyne*



Bethlehem
by Anne Stevenson



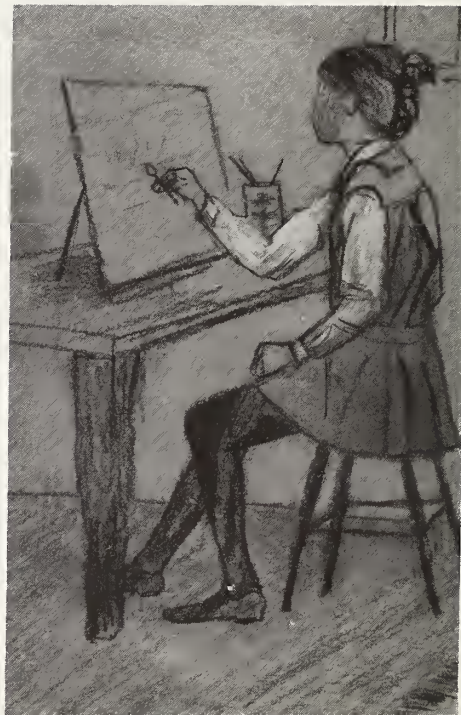
*Elmwood Mural
by Sally Gale*



*The River
by Sally Gale*



Jan Hampson
by Mollie Montgomery



Study Of A Colleague
by Mollie Montgomery



Pen Study Of A Girl In A Bikini
by Lesley MacMillan



Girl In Brown
by Carol-Anne English



In The Nude
by Inge Uhrenbacher



Marnie
by Olwyn Morrow



Anne Of A Thousand Days
by Heather Nesbitt



Backside Of An Elmwood Girl
by Halina Jeletzky



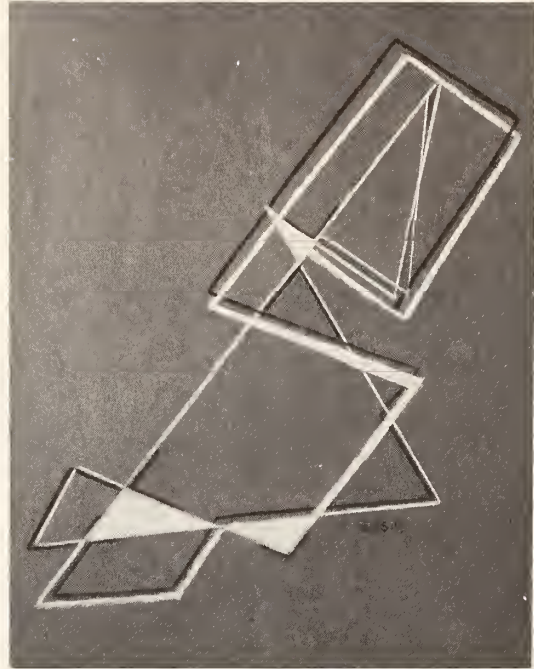
Study Of A Bust
by Georgie Binks



La Bohème
by Olwyn Morrow



Fantasy
by Lesley MacMillan



Study In Geometry
by Sue Evans



Mama Bear And Baby Bear
by Sally Gale



Her
by Heather Nesbitt



She



Portrait Of Janet Urie
by Olwyn Morrow



Portrait Of A Girl In Winter
by Janis Robertson



guarantee you 30 days wear or a new pair.

...extra large 100%
...Support panty
...from top to toe, and
...guaranteed 30 days wear
...no matter what
...feel tall and 165
...and 230 or some
...
...Sheffield Mills' exclu-
...sive reusable panty
...wash and wear
...again. With abso-
...lute comfort, unequity

SHEFFIELD HOSIERY MILLS



PANTY-HOSE AD FOR MIAMI MILL
Getting to the seat of the problem.

CONSUMERISM er Madness

There is a thread that binds the mass American womanhood into a bloc of fighting revolutionaries, it is made of 20- or nylon—the essence of panty hose. The panty hose appeared in 1965, they were welcomed as the most important advance in fashion technology since the car. Lately, the ubiquitous underlegwear is drawing the deepening disapproval of irate wearers.

There are problems a panty: bad fit, unreliable markings and long-distance travel. Of the thousand-odd brands on the market, only a handful are readily recognizable as reliable products of prominent mills. Among the biggest are Burlington, Kayser-Roth and Hanes. The usually identified only by numbers are made in both well-known and obscure mills all over the country. Prices range from 59¢ to \$4, and many women do not see a corresponding difference in quality. Until recently there has been no cut to standardize sizes. Colors are often enigmatically described—as Cafe au Lait, Debonair or Nude—on the outside of hard-to-see-through packages.

Tick and Tired. After going around leg-kneed and wrinkle-ankled, Miss Congresswoman Leonor Sullivan asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the \$1.1-billion panty-hose industry. "I got disgusted," she exclaimed. "Some packages say they fit all, it's impossible. You have your tall and your short ones. You can't have one when two sizes that fit all. They're mis-

may fit all Japanese women, but are as much as three inches, and that are better suited to beamed and fat rope than for petite uncover hose with hole-seconds" passed Mrs. Sullivan, I to investigate ha

Sit to Fit. In a on its critics, the to straighten out The National Manufacturers, big-name mills, 10,000 women i most common tions. The group industry to use the dardized sizing. a national adve cate women in (sitting down) a each wearing) tl

Some panty i the problem "They've had a complains a top ufacturer, "that ufacturers are might as well more expensive become a sucke is another snag. say, buy a panl modates their lit one that approx

Last Ride for

The buyer of to type himself Today he types centric. Once a mance, the co way to joining heap. They acc 1971-model sal the 1970 mode in 1963. The t lower percenta



LITERATURE

ort for Amer- erman entries often broader- belles of Eu- en. The com- ite non-run laws and "sec- erts." Like asked the FTC

to get a leg up as been trying for some time. n of Hosiery presents most arements from determine the ght combina- t the entire in- basis for stan- a is sponsoring a campaign to edu- r way to enter in (wash after y's products.

at the seat of ers' attitude. eived notion," a major man- ty-hose man- st—that they ap pair as a consumer has price." There omen, retailers te that accom- age rather than lity.

is Symbol

tible car used pending sport. a nostalgic ec- status and ro- is well on its on the scrap only 1.5% of from 1.6% in l a peak 6.7% oward an even ican Motors

A.M.C. GREMLIN WITH SUN ROOF



in 1968, and Ford may do the same the next model year, which begins tl autumn. "We are almost certain th this is the last year we will be maki convertibles," says one Ford executiv

The popularity of air conditioning which now goes into 60% of all no cars, is probably the prime reason f the convertible's demise; it offers co- ness without the disadvantage of a noi ride. Vinyl roofs, which now go 43% of U.S.-made cars, provide t sporty look at lower cost.

The convertible also has fallen vict to major changes in the U.S. physic and social atmosphere. Riding arou with the top down is a dubious pleasu in the polluted urban air of the 1970 And Ralph Nader's safety crusade h prompted some would-be buyers to cc sider how they might fare in a roll-ov accident—even though there is no stat tical evidence that convertibles are l safe. In an era of growing crime, the cc vertible is an easy target; knife-wieldi thieves can readily slash through the t to loot or steal a parked car. Besides that, observes Chuck Norwood, a me ber of Lincoln-Mercury's product-pla ning staff, "the convertible was part o life-style that has changed. Men used take their girls out on moonlit nights country lanes" where they could low the top and admire the stars. Toda notes Norwood, the man is more like to take the girl back to his apartment f a more direct approach.

All is not lost for fresh-air fiends, ho ever: automakers are increasingly p- placing the convertible with the E ropean-style sliding sun roof. "It allo light and ventilation," says Norwo "but shuts out dirt, noise and potent thieves." Until recently, demand h been too small for automakers to s up an assembly-line procedure for ma ing sun roofs; they still send many c to the seven-year-old American Sunro Co. of Southgate, Mich., where craf men cut a hole in the roof and inst a sliding steel panel. But the market is e panding so swiftly that in January Am ican Motors began making sun ro on its own assembly lines.

EASTER HOLIDAY ENGLISH COMPETITION

Grade 8 Winner

THOSE OF THE TOTEM POLE

There on the hillock the Indian stands,
Facing the setting sun.
Proud and erect is his stature,
His features made clear by sharp shadows against
the light.
Thinking not of the present or future,
He gazes upon the golden seas his ancestors rode,
Seas ridden by warriors brave and bold
Who knew not fear or shame.
Seas ridden by those of the totem pole.

These were his fathers,
The givers of gifts,
Those of the red cedar wood houses,
Those of the long war canoes,
That are gaily painted
With the speed of a bird on the wing.
At the head of the biggest, the chief in his otterskins
Stands proud as he leads his tribe on the great whale hunt
He will be first to strike, his spear first thrown

There stands the remains of a totem pole,
Once gaily coloured, once standing tall,
Now broken and weathered and warped.
Skilled craftsmen carved and painted it
Along with many others.
All momentos to glorious years gone.
Carved from the tall red cedar
The totems grew like trees along the now barren shores
Only a few remain.

There on a hillock the Indian stands
Facing the setting sun.
Proud and erect is his stature,
His features made clear by sharp shadows against the light.
But he of the present is not the only one there.
Behind his shoulder stands one of the past.
He too looks out on the golden seas,
But it was his brothers that sailed them.
There they stand, past and present.
He of the car, the train, the present.
He of the car, the train, the plane,
And he of the totem pole.

Heather McIntosh, 4A

T. COLE

She stood very quietly.
Shadowed by a veil,
A black wispy thing
Which hid her lean face.
Her eyes forever turned towards the ground.
Her face so white,
Discreetly hiding behind the black web.
A tear dripped down her cheek.
She bit her lip and glanced away.
Then mesmerized
As in a trance,
She stared on.
I looked at her in her long black dress
so slim and childlike
unprotected and alone.
I watched as she turned and walked away
slipping out of my life.
Both visitors in a graveyard.

OUR SMALL WORLD

As I stepped off the bus, no one met me;
As I walked down the street, no one spoke to me;
As I looked and smiled at people no one looked and smiled back.
They treated me as a leper
Oh! I want to die.
I was no one in the huge world of theirs.

As I stepped off the bus, no one but you met me;
As I walked down the street, no one but you spoke to me;
As I looked and smiled at people no one but you looked
and smiled back.
You didn't treat me as a leper, but cured my wounds.
Oh! I want to live.
We are someone in this small world of ours.

Wendy MacPhee, 4A

"FUNKY FABLES"

Once upon a time, there lived a tribe of cavemen. Now, in this certain tribe, it was a rule that you had to be a really good hunter (if you were a boy) to prove yourself a worthy citizen. There were only five boys in this whole tribe, and four of these boys were really good hunters. The fifth boy was a real moron. It wasn't that he couldn't FIND the animals, it was just that, whenever he spotted one, he'd get scared, and run away. When the other boys heard this, they were really disgusted. They called him names, teased him, and told him to go jump in a volcano. This made the boy very unhappy, and as the years went by, he became even more unhappy, so unhappy that he developed an inferiority complex. Anyway, when he turned twenty-one, he was surprisingly made chief of the tribe.

"At last", he said to the crowd of people, "at last my time has come to do what I have always wanted to do, but have never been able to." The crowd thought he was going to make a big speech about improving the village, but they were all wrong. Instead, the new chief ordered the four boys who had teased him and taunted him to be fed to the dinosaurs. The moral of this story is: never tease anyone unless you KNOW they're not going to make it.

Lesley Law, 4B

HAIKU

Wind in the pine trees
Wide wild empty spaces
Lost from the world.

Debbie Williams, 5C

I'M A GUN

I'm a Gun,
But why am I a gun?
Men praise me,
Animals fear me.
My whole life is spent murdering and killing,
That is my only purpose.
Fears or signs of grief
Are all that I see in front of me.
There is no happy future
for such a tool as I,
And I have no guidance over my actions.
I'm a gun and I regret it.

Leigh Saunders, 4A

THE MYSTERIOUS FORT

On the Island of Guernsey there are a lot of forts and ruins of castles which were built hundreds of years ago. Most of them are on high cliffs above the sea.

One day I was walking by the sea and I climbed over the stone wall of a very old castle. I saw there were some steps going down an opening into the cliff. I walked down them and found myself in a little dark room with a small tunnel going on farther. I started to crawl on farther when I heard a cry, as if somebody was calling for help.

I shouted, "Where are you? " But I heard a cry but no words. I shouted again but still I only heard the cry. I went a little farther but the tunnel got narrow and I was afraid I would get stuck. So I decided I would go back and get help.

When I reached the top of the stairs by the wall, I saw a fisherman along the seashore. I ran and told him there was something caught in the tunnel under the castle ruins. He told me the cries I heard were caused by the whistling of the wind through the cracks in the cliffs below the castle ruins. Some people thought that the men who were killed defending the Island of Guernsey still lived in the cliffs.

Jenni Johnston
Form 4C-3A

MY DREAM

The light was dim. The room was cold. I sat in my old squeaky rocking chair in front of the fireplace. Shadows seemed to be creeping along the walls. The tranquillity made me lie back and I let my thoughts wander. Suddenly I felt what seemed to be a hand touch my shoulder. A cold shiver ran through my body. The next thing I knew, I was on a ferris wheel all alone. It was dark. All I could hear were screams. My heart was pounding for I was terrified. Just then I remembered and felt the hand. I turned and there sat a grotesque man. Blood was dripping down his scared face. His hands were very long, like the claws of some large bird. I wanted to jump but my legs were paralyzed. He reached out, his cold hands gently wrapped around my neck. I couldn't breathe. I struggled like a wild lion fighting for its life. I fell! Everything around me was black. I became afraid that my life might soon be at an end. I kept falling. It was endless. I tried to scream but nothing came out. I was alone and my body was trembling. I gazed up, he was following me! He yelled out something but it was muffled. I tried but couldn't understand what he had said. Suddenly I was in another world. A world of brightness. I was still falling, but the man had disappeared. Below me lay a large ocean, but it was red. It seemed like an ocean of blood. I landed into the red water. A few yards in front of me a gigantic white whale arose from the water. A hungry look was in his eyes. He licked his lips with his enormous tongue and I knew he wanted me. I swam like a fish but the whale was much faster. He opened his huge mouth and swallowed. I was inside the whale's body. I was cold and frightened. Further down the whale was a small light. How could that be? I swam down for there was a lot of water. Shocked and terrified, I found that man and two others like him, sitting in chains playing cards. One arose and looked towards me. I panicked and slowly started moving back. His hand reached for a pot at one side of the table and then, turning to me, he said, "Would you like a cup of tea? ". I gasped out my answer, "Only if it's Salada."!

Sonya Taticek
4B

I lie awake listening to the
sounds of the night.
The rushing of the wind in
the pine trees,
The steady drip of the tap in
the bathroom,
Horns hooting and cars
buzzing,
Our clock ticking,
The regular breathing of my sister.
I like the sounds in the night.

Katherine Koch
3A-4C

I'M BLACK

I'm black.
Did you know that everyone hates me?
I've tried so hard not to
Give them the satisfaction
Of seeing me cry.
Mama begged me to forgive them.
I can't — I hate them.

I've been spat at,
How can I forgive those
Who spit at me?
I've been kicked,
Pushed around,
Thrust to the ground;
Am I really supposed
To forgive them?

Night is the only time
I can attempt to crawl into my bed
And hide, hide from the rest of the world,
From their smirking faces
Everything.
But even at night
Painful bruises are always there
To remind me of them.
How can I rid myself
Of them?
I hate them, I hate them!
Please Mama, don't ask
Me to forgive
Them.

Ranjy Basu
4A

THOUGHTS ON SPRING

I know I'm no Robert Frost.
I also know poetry is not my bag.
Maybe with a little effort
I could tell you what spring is like for me.
Dirt, puddles, leaking ceilings,
All these things
From melting snow.

Snow plays a great part in my spring.
Sunday afternoons I go outside,
I watch the world go by.
Everyone is out,
Enjoying the first days of warmth.
Children ride bikes for the first time.
Craning my neck I see neighbours,
Shovelling snow into the sun.
Everyone is rushing spring.
Knee-socks return to school,
On winter white legs.
Flowers thrust upward
Through the grey mouldy grass.
Pussy willows beg to be bought.
Every year it's the same.
Spring.
My time.
My happy time.
When everyone seems to share,
My happiness.
Spring is rebirth.
I am reborn.
I am busting with happiness.
Now I know what happiness is.
Once I tried to understand the meaning
of happiness.
Now I know it's a feeling,
A feeling I want to share with everyone.
The question doesn't matter anymore.
It's spring and I'm happy.

Ginny Hall
4A

HEE, HAW, HUM.

John Cook had a little gray mare; hee, haw, hum.
Her back stood up and her bones were bare; hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank; hee, haw, hum:
And there his nag did kick and prank; hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill; hee, haw, hum:
His horse fell down and she made her will; hee, haw, hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf; hee, haw, hum:
If you want anymore you may sing it yourself; hee, haw, hum.

Traditional.

Continuation by 3A

John Cook had a little ping pig; hee, haw, hum:
Her tail curled and her tummy was big; hee, haw, hum.

John Cook brought his pig some broth; hee, haw, hum:
Then she wiped her mouth with a cloth; hee, haw, hum.

The pink pig had a birthday party; hee, haw, hum:
The pink panther ate every smartie; hee, haw, hum.

The pig ate so much cake she burst; hee, haw, hum:
If you want anymore you must write it first; hee, haw, hum.

John Cook had a little green bird; hee, haw, hum:
Her beak was hooked and her brain was absurd; hee, haw, hum.

John Cook and his went down to the station; hee, haw, hum:
They took a trip all over the nation; hee, haw, hum.

When they arrived at Montreal; hee, haw, hum:
They went to the governor's fancy ball; hee, haw, hum.

She drank so much punch, plunk in she fell; hee, haw, hum:
If you want anymore you must say it well; hee, haw, hum.

John Cook had a little brown dog; hee, haw, hum:
She drank lots of egg nog like a hog; hee, haw, hum.

John Cook and his dog went for a hunt; hee, haw, hum:
But the tricky fox played a stunt; hee, haw, hum.

The fox rolled a log over the dog and squish; hee, haw, hum:
He rolled her just as flat as a dish; hee, haw, hum.

John Cook gave the collar and leash to his mother; hee, haw, hum:
If you want any more you must make up another; hee, haw, hum.

John Cook had a fluffy grey cat; hee, haw, hum:
She sat on the mat till she grew quite fat; hee, haw, hum.

John Cook and his cat went to the fair; hee, haw, hum:
And met a jolly purple bear; hee, haw, hum.

The cat tried out the flying trapeze; hee, haw, hum:
She stumbled down into a hive of bees; hee, haw, hum.

The bees swarmed around; she died in a crowd; hee, haw, hum:
If you want any more you must sing it out loud; hee, haw, hum.

2A & 3B

THE ROBIN

Little Robin,
Quietly hopping,
Breast of red,
Are you fed?

Little Robin,
Symbol of spring,
You know best,
Where to nest.

Little Robin,
Gently bobbing,
Can you stay?
Please don't fly away.

Joanna Abbatt
4B

THE CAT WITH THE CROOKED TAIL

The snow blew in from my open window right above my head. Shivers ran down my back as I knew something horrible was going to happen to-night. It was 10 p.m. and it seemed the night would never end. Suddenly I felt a warm tickle on my leg. I froze. Thank goodness, it was only my cat. Recently my cat's tail had been run over by a car, so now it was crooked. Suddenly the phone rang. I ran to the telephone.

"Hello," I said in a meek voice.

"Is this Miss Nichols?" a voice asked.

"Yes it is, who is speaking please?" I inquired.

"Just listen, return that 10 million dollars by 12 p.m. and leave it under the red mail box!" he ordered.

"Wh What money?" I stuttered.

The last thing I heard was a "click". He had hung up. What was I to do!

I sat there in my chair thinking about the terrible threat on the telephone for two hours. Now it was 12:30. What would he do if I didn't return the money, even though I didn't have it. Suddenly I heard a CRASH! Help! Were they trying to get me? I stood as still as an unwound clock. It was my cat. Just as I thought I was safe a figure came walking toward me. He was holding a . . . a . . . knife! I tried to run but I was paralyzed with fear. I tried to scream but my mouth was dry. Suddenly my cat knocked a vase off the cupboard and it landed right on his head. He was unconscious. I just had enough time to phone the police. They came over quickly and took the man away. Before they went I told the police about the phone call. They told me the people across the street were millionaires so the whole thing was a mistake.

Ailsa Francis

4C

HOPELESS

Why am I alive?
I'm just another person,
An insignificant nothing
Polluting the earth,
And letting it decay
Before my very eyes.

The earth and I
Are somewhat alike,
Living, seeking, but never finding
And gradually dying.
Hopelessly lost,
all withered and old,
With no one caring
and no one feeling,
This helpless, unwanted unloved
and yet alive thing.
We are alive enough to feel,
to love and be loved.
We are alive enough
to bring others into the world;
to give them a chance to live,
to love, and be free.
And yet every minute,
We are closer to death,
The earth and I
Searching for life
Alone, unwanted and unloved.

Sue Attack,

4A

"DEATH TO HIM WHO DESECRATES MY TOMB! "

Long live the great Pharaoh!
Long live the new king!
There he stands, the newly crowned King Tutankhamen,
In all his glory and majesty.
A king of but fifteen years,
The boy-king of Egypt.

Three years have gone.

Women are wailing,
The queen is weeping,
The nobles shake their heads.
The king is dying
Priests are sent for
To guide him on his way,
To pray for him and his soul.

The Pharaoh ponders on many things.
His past, his future, his power.
On how many kings are stolen from when dead,
How their burial chambers are opened and laid bare,
How these sacred places are made foul by the presence of thieves.
With resolution the monarch cries,
"A curse upon all that enter unlawfully my place of final rest.
Death to him who desecrates my tomb! "
Then he breathes his last.

Four thousand years have gone.

There are some sifting the sand and rubble.
Wearily they continue their search in the Valley of the Kings.
Then there is a shout.
Behold! The tomb of King Tutankhamen lies open before them.
Lord Carnarvon is rewarded for the years spent at this task.
Proud and triumphant, he leads the way into the earth.
His eyes feast on the treasures within, but not for long.
A few weeks hence, fatal illness comes softly stealing.
"Death to him who desecrates my tomb! "

Soon Prince Ali Fahmy Bey visits the burial place.
For reasons mysterious and unknown his wife begins to loathe him.
They say hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.
Jay Gould, the millionaire, comes to see as well.
Disease again is the victor.
"Death to him who desecrates my tomb! "

Two French biologists go next.
Then a member of a notable's body guard.
After him comes Sir Lee Stark.
The curse, like a creeping and deadly shadow, seeks out each one.
"Death to him who desecrates my tomb! "

The curse of the Pharaoh is now feared by all.
But still a few come, seeking out death.
Some visitors become moody, withdrawn,
Suffering from nightmares terrible to relate.
Figures, ghostly to behold, crawl out of charnel houses,
Beckoning with fingers boney and thin,
Saying in voices sounding harsh and inhuman,
"Come, we are waiting for you . . ."
Soon they can stand it no more.
"Death to him who desecrates my tomb! "

Thus far, thirty-five victims in all have been taken.
The curse, like an invisible hand guiding an invisible spear,
Spare no one who comes, be he sceptic or not.
Though the sarcophagus is open, the Pharaoh takes his revenge.
"Death to him who desecrates my tomb! "

This story has been taken from the book called, "Strange Happenings", which is a collection of strange but true happenings selected and recorded by Michael Hervery.

Heather McIntosh
4A

ONCE

I had a friend once,
Yes, once.
We were inseparable,
We were as one.

She wasn't loud about her relationship,
Neither was I.
But it was there,
Yes, it was there.

I remember once, we skated, hand in hand,
Not parting,
Together
With one rhythm and one beat,
One person.

Then there appeared a flaw,
On whose side I know not,
But it was there,
Forever.

The flaw grew larger,
My efforts to close it in vain.
She became distant,
She became cold.

Then she told me,
"We weren't made for each other"
After all these years,
"We weren't made for each other".

How she hurt me,
I can't express.
It was like a tree
Sawn slowly down the middle.

Now and then I think of her,
Think of her and the good times we had together.
I don't dwell on them though,
They're past, she's past,
And they don't hurt anymore.

Shelagh Hurley
4A

MY WINDOW

The window in my room is quite big.
It has a little red window seat under it.
On top it has a Chinese mobile,
Tinkling in the breeze.
I used to sit there gazing out on our planet.
If it was a stormy and dark day
It was war.
Each howling wind sounded like a
cannon booming into the darkness.
Each raindrop sounded like a corpse
falling to the hard ground.
If it was goffy and wet.
It was death
It came in slowly and hung over us
before leaving.
When it was sunny and warm
It was children.
The sun was dancing and playing in the sky.
The cooing of the birds was their laughter.
When it was cool and bleak
It was loneliness.
Everything was dying and turning brown.
All nature was moving and then left
When it was cold and snowy
It was pure.
The snow resembled goodness and everyone had
a friendly spirit about them.
When the sky was bright blue
And small showers were coming from heaven,
Then it was life.
The flowers were blooming and swaying
in the breeze.
The grass grew as green as unripe apples
Now my window is only something keeping me
from our huge wonderful world.

Wendy MacPhee
4A

FOR N.S. RUBASHOV

Four stone walls, a bed and a bucket. Your reward for your devotion to a cause too singular in its intention. You paced the cell knowing all the time that you were guilty, condemned to pay the price, but not for the reasons for which they convicted you.

Time let you think, and the means you had used to achieve the ends, once justifiable, no longer seemed to hold. The equation did not stand. You found you were playing a new game with old rules.

You were wrong and they were right. You too, like those you'd sent to the altar, would be sacrificed for the good of the people, for the good of No. 1. You, a sacrificial lamb!

But time was generous and let you come to understand why. You did not fail for lack of faith. You had believed sincerely. You questioned the morality and philosophies, the theory and the methods. You came to know the "I" of you.

You drew together conclusively, the perfect questions. You found it within yourself to doubt infallibility, doubt yourself and the "we". N.S. Rubashov was alone, except for one outside wish; for you to "die in silence".

More time passed. You endured three hearings and a public trial, lost one last friend. You found clues to a few answers and lost the battle.

Yet, in a larger sense, you did not lose. You found release from all those guilts long due to disappear. The toothache

stopped. The price you paid in history with those, who like yourself, had believed with opened eyes and hope filled hearts, was not too dear. You came to know the masses and see the anguished faces. You finally touched the open wound and felt the sting. You "comerade" were saved, perhaps too late to act, but you were saved.

Saddened considerably by all you came to know, you could not even express in words, the plague our world would yet endure. Making a struggle of a kind, then silently passing through the gates of our hell and slipping willingly into death's arms, you died without complaint.

You at least died an individual, died in the first person and found the soul you'd lost at the start of the game. History has yet to prove you right or wrong and like No. 402, I envy you. You were guilty of a crime and paid.

I give to you respect in either case, but I do not choose to weep for you. I will shed my tears for the world still breathing, still ignorant of the knowledge that Nicholas Salmanovich Rubashov gained but could not pass on.

The experiment is not over. We shall be yet again dissected and butchered and History will question and try the motives we have used, over and over again. We have not yet suffered enough to understand the darkness at noon. It is inevitable, for the blind leadeth the blind.

Marnie Edwards
6M

LIMERICK

Once a small babe in his cradle
Knocked down from the wall a soap ladle
Upon his head
It landed like lead
As you guess, yes, it was fatal

Terry Clark
5C

LIMERICK

There once was a puppy who liked
To howl at the full moon all night
One night there was fog
And that poor little dog
Ran homeward and howled at a light.

Debbie Williams
5C

MY PLACE OF ESCAPE

1.

There is a place where I go when the going gets rough and
tears are easily come by
A place where I go when I need to leave my trivial burdens
behind me for a brief moment.
Where I linger a while with the sun in my eyes and the wind
in my hair.
It is my world of solitude, just me, the wind, sun and all the
weather;
But mainly happiness

2.

When you cannot hold up your end of the bargain against those
whom you think are stubborn.
When no-one seems to hear a word you say, or notice the small
things you do for them.
When you try so hard to please by working long hours, and it
is all to no avail.
Then I go to my place of solitude where I have no troubles
and my life
Is as free as the wind.

3.

When a shroud of loneliness takes hold of my already
unhappy and desolate heart.
When ones own friends leave you out of all their glorious
plans and happy secrets
When I am overcome with boredom, and there is nothing to show
for all the time I have wasted.
Then my own private world comes to the rescue and there are
beautiful beaches to sit upon,
Where time does not go unaccounted for.

4.

But amidst all the troubles that gradually mount up through-
out my rather unsuccessful life,
I know that I can escape with no thoughts for anything that
I have left behind at the sand-castle gates.
I can crawl into the world of my imagination and soon, the
moon comes up and the wind dies down.
Then I must leave, but I can always go back again, and this
gives me an inner peace.
Without which my life would fail.

Sheri Price
5A

you.

there is nothing that
brings more joy to me
than seeing you from
a distance and getting
closer and closer until i
can touch your hand and
see the light in your
dark eyes and
to know that you
desire me to be near,
nothing, not even the richest
shade of blue
the most precious stone
the softest fur the
prettiest new dress
not anything but
you.

cyndi leigh
5B

MR. TYPICAL

a poem

one time i stayed a while
at the seaside.
the sea
was tranquil.
the sands and winds
remained at rest.
and

the
time
passed.

then and only then
did i have my paradise.
we had
our life;
and whispered our love
to
a shooting star
and

the
time
disappeared.

but even now the level
of the tide is rising,
and it destroys
my eternity.
and

time
has
stopped.

Barbara Coyne
5C

Once upon a time, there were three little wolves named Huffy, Puffy and Leo. Now these were normal, average, anti-establishment, pro-rock group wolves. They might have been happy had they not been living near Mr. Typical. All their lives they lived in the fea and the shadow of Mr. Typical. But now they were going out in the world and their mother gave them some advice, "Be yourself, don't fear Mr. Typical, just stand up to him."

So with this burning in their minds they set out into the big concrete forest. Along the way, they met many Mr. Typicals like Mr. Typical store-keeper. Huffy and Puffy had gone into a store to buy some food. When they saw Mr. Typical store-keeper they became irresolute. When Mr. Typical saw them his temper was stirred by their individuality and he kicked them out without giving them any food.

All along the road they travelled they met the same hatred and discrimination. It was Leo who first remembered the advice given to them by their mother. Using that advice they each decided to build a 'house' against Mr. Typical. They would show their individuality and capability of being trusted like even a Mr. Typical. One built with paper like in Japan, another of modern glass and the third built on stilts like in Thailand. This, however, only served to arouse animosity.

When Leo was drafted he decided to prove that he had a right to live without fighting. So he avoided the draft and started an upsurge of draft evaders.

Meanwhile Huffy and Puffy, who had managed to get into a university, decided to tell the world what was wrong. They decided to talk with Mr. Typical University President. He refused to see them and called in some help. Huffy and Puffy felt this was wrong and tried to get out. They were of course arrested. At the station it was found Puffy was on drugs. Unfortunately, he didn't know what he was on because he'd gotten high at a school party given by a History professor.

This was the way things always happened to the three little wolves in the concrete forest. Mr. Typical always came up to them and said, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your lives away." But strangely enough these three little wolves survived because eventually all the Mr. Typicals died out and only little wolves were left, little wolves who saw a need for the world to change and changed it. As a post script I must add that in doing so they too changed and alas became Mr. Typicals.

Cathy Ashton.
5B

AWARENESS

What is this shell I'm trying to squeeze into?
I cannot even hear the sea.
Shall I pick up my bag and move again?
Shall I leave this dead dark room and search again?
Who will walk around the room in silence and remember the
Things that once were there
And now are not?
I think, I feel, I have watched this play before.

Marnie Edwards
6M

CINQUAIN

Rippling
Shimmering green mist
Turning blue sea,
Floating across the black sky
Cold fire.

Debbie Williams
5C

TO MRS. BROKENSHIRE

Where, oh where, has our Mrs. B. gone?
The teacher we all used to know - -
With her episcopes and her clear plastic squares
And coloured felt pens in a row.

Where is the mistress who dwelt in 6 M?
That dynamic teacher of maths - -
With her X's and Y's, her thetas and pies
Her life clearly plotted on graphs.

Who has erased her sinusoid curve
Upset that daily routine,
To those who were bright she gave challenge, a fight.
To the rest - - that's plainly been seen.

She's off to Vancouver, she's off to the West
She's off to a new set of faces.
She's taking her logs and replotting her graphs
New halls will soon know her firm paces.

To "sing out the answers" just won't be the same - -
Our room will fall deep into silence
We'll no longer be, compared to grade threes
Or get chocolate at Easter and Christmas.

Those Dynamic Days that set her apart
Were days we really respected
So good luck and good-bye,
In truth, we did try - -
May Vancouver receive well your graces!

Marnie Edwards
6M

6 U'S PURE HASH

- A antagonistic, animals, averages, acne-A . . . , ape.
 B bunny-ears, Bunnie Kins, beaks, butts & booze, bulging bloomers, Bo-Beep.
 C cats, cookies, crumpets & crumbs-on-carpet, C. & A. Toads & co.
 D dumb Davies (otherwise known as "dump") dogs, druggists & drunks, David the Dirty, droopy drawers, DEATH
 E effusive, eats, egg-rolls.
 F fuddle-duddle, food, furd, "fungus-eyes", fruit.
 G Gorgeous George, "greasy-spoon", grub, greedy guts, Grace & Gailey, Grumpy, Greasy Teresa's, gutless, gross.
 H Heather, hash, hungries, "Horse", hot pants.
 I idiotic, insatiable, insane, Ivan-itchy.
 J Johnny-Flash, junkies, Jennie, Jackie, Janet, Jane, Jungle-mouth, Janies' Jeep, Jungle-Bunny.
 K Knives, krumpets 'n 'tea, kookies, Kinks from Kinsey.
 L liberated Lee-Ann, Lenny, Lorraine, Liz, Laughter, L.S.D.
 M marijuana, Markie, mousey Madge, mental Melanie, Marg, Mother Parker's, Moo, magots, Mad mags, Michelangelo, Mother Davies, Mauleverer, martyr.
 N "old Nick", nuts (to you), naked man, NO BOYS ALLOWED ON 3rd FLOOR, nursery, narc.
 O 'orrible, "old bat", 'opeless, oral or manual . . .
 P pot, pregnant (silence), piggies, Paul Newman, Dr. Pickle, participation, passive, pansy, park pervert, Peacock.
 Q wierd-o.
 R rude, rowdy, recked records (u can tell it's wreal, 'cos the "w" is silent.).
 S subtlety, sustenance, sty, "sleeping bag? "-na, just resting, singing toilets, semper ubi, sub ubi, Slimy Sleaze, Schmee, spoonerisms, swine, skipping, stoned (like St. Stephen), sewage, smell.
 T trumpet, tempestuous, tart, Twit-eyes, toads, tray, tea-time.
 U sex U, unstable.
 V vindictive, vermin, Vickie, Volkies, (red & blue), virtue.
 W wheedling, warts, Worms, wit . . .
 X X-U
 Y yawns.
 Z zits, zut.

HAIKU

Math class starts
 Homework reviewed
 detention.

Terry Clark
 5C

CINQUAIN

Finished dinner
Toothbrush and paste
Slowly clearing
Shining, gleaming
Clean.

Terry Clark
5C

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

It has sometimes been said that if the walls of houses could speak many tales would be told. What a lot we could learn from them. What a lot we would hear. All sorts of stories — happy, sad, mysterious, funny, tragic and so on. This particular thought makes one think of a certain house which was more commonly known as “the house on the hill”. It was a house which breathed deep mystery from its very walls. Yet at the same time, it spoke of beauty and peace and of the good times long ago. In all the seasons it never once lost its mysterious air, nor did it stop casting its magical spell of beauty and serenity to all who beheld it. One can imagine the house as it was, — large, white with dark green shutters, stone pillars, graceful and with two screened verandahs, so alive. It was surrounded by a beautiful garden. There were the lush green trees whose branches danced with the wind and made shadows on the old white walls. The trees holding the nests of the gentle birds and all the nooks and corners of the garden were homes for small animals.

But there stood the house, now, in reality, majestic and empty as it had been for the last seven years. Whatever had happened to it? Where were all the people? Did no one love it any more? Why was it no longer a home? Who could have left it, and why? For, as one drew near to the house it became evident that the white paint, so soft in the streaming sunlight, was peeling off, the shutters were falling off their hinges, the door handle was rusty and loose, the dull red brick of the chimneys was very faded. The garden was untended, overgrown, and the path leading to the back of the house was cluttered with bits of garbage. One opened the unlocked door and beheld complete desolation everywhere. The floor which had once been so carefully polished was now strewn with old newspapers, magazines and letters. The velvet curtains were torn to shreds, the windows were full of holes and there was glass scattered on the floor. The white bannister was falling apart, the pictures were warped, the fire-places were tumbling down. Everywhere one looked one saw that the grace and beauty had gone. What had once

been a most beautiful and elegant home was now neglected and desolate. Whatever had happened?

One heard the talk about the town which went something like this. Two well-to do maiden ladies had owned the house originally. They sold the house for an enormous price to Mr. Berlin who was a German immigrant. The Berlins were thought to be eccentric people. It was said that they kept chickens in the living room. Then one day, without a word of warning, they suddenly departed. Everything was left as it had been — food on the kitchen table, beds unmade and chickens in the living room. There were no words of explanation, only a very explicit letter to the real estate agent that the house was not to be sold and that they would continue to pay the taxes.

The house was left for everyone to examine and use, from the hunters in the fall to curious children in the neighbourhood. The “house on the hill” naturally was the topic of conversation for a long time. It even affected the lives of some people. One woman was said to go regularly to the house to sprinkle holy water on the lawn to drive away the bad spirits she believed were in the house. Everyone had his own idea about what had happened, but how could anyone know for sure. Until this day no one knows why the house was so suddenly deserted.

Who knows? If the walls could speak what tales they would tell! But even if they could, it is too late now, for things have changed. When one passes by the “house” now one experiences an even stranger sense of mystery than before. There is an unusual silence. The house has ceased to breathe its beauty and cast its spell. The spirit lingers, although the house is dead and the birds have ceased to sing. People are still asking, why, what, — what really happened? One cannot help feeling that somehow the walls could have said something had they been given an opportunity, had they not been ruined in the blaze. How the blaze started remains an unanswered question.

Ingrid Sorensen
6M

FRIENDS

Faith, hope and love,
Three little words
With meanings so large
That no one knows them.
They describe true friendship.
Faith is to trust each other,
To be true and not to hide inside.
To say what you think and
To know that she will listen.
To hope that it will never end.
Love is to share your thoughts,
To share your good times.
A friend is someone you can turn to,
Someone who will help you,
Someone you can help in return,
And not expect anything else.

Jane Nicholls
5A

WHY?

Carefully they included
The negro girl in all their games,
And joked with the French kids,
And smiled at the Indian boy –
Because they knew
(or thought they did).
But why did they mock the lonely white girl
with no shoes?

Joy Ramcharan
5A

MIDSUMMER

Lean down
tall afternoon;
Shadows sleep
in the evening
hours away.

Petals fall
between gold fingers
light
on sea-washed turf
And a dreaming wind
stirs lazy sails
on
a
long
green
sea.

Karen Hayes
5C

DAY

The sun stretches
An orange dimple in the water-coloured peach
Probing the depths of trees, of oceans, of hills, and time.
The fingers of warmth, of light, steal forth,
desperately clawing the glassy mountainous, sky.

The journey continues, hour by hour, the
amber-gold sphere of life, ever-living,
ever-dying crawls up and over
Till shadows stealthy, suffocating, grasp the air
The fire-ball screams defiance at the black curtain
And the shroud falls
And the flame nods

Night!

Jennifer Miles
5C

REPENT! REPENT!

He loved me and I loved him
But it seemed wrong
Society scorned our relationship
We were banned from public places
But we loved each other and continued to love.
When I would sit on the park bench next to the large oak tree,
I would think of our love and I was confused.
I wanted to please my family but I wanted to be loved.
I watched the people go by me
And I wondered if they were human and if they loved?
Were they so wise as their words of wisdom?
My child this is a sin,
God will try to forgive you
Do not fret my child
Repent. Repent.

Oh my God! I want to be in your favour but don't you understand
I am in love and that is so precious to me.
I am happy and I am alive
And no one must take that from me.
My mother says to leave him
It is the family honour.
And my father listens to my mother
He has no mind left of his own,
And my brother left home so long ago.
He shot himself
A bullet through the brain
Leaving the scene of corruption in his home.
Repent. Repent.

I have no friends left
All deserted me when I met him
But I am not lonely anymore, just discouraged.
He says he loves me and that used to be enough
But now I am not so sure.
We used to play; running through the fields
Laughing and singing.
But now I do not know.
I walk along the bridge
The sun is beginning to set, a fiery glow of beautiful orange and red.
I knelt and prayed beside the water
Whispering an un-answered prayer
And like my brother that I never knew
A quiet bullet through the brain.
He loved me and I loved him.
Repent. Repent.

Judy Smyth
5B

ON AGRESSION?

One can notice, that people of various social levels occasionally tend to be aggressive. This fact has proven to be what it actually seems - - true, and bears a great significance on modern society and technology.

In spite of this, many discrepancies about this vital fact, in similar situations, can be noticed all over the world. However, as stated above it proves that what I am going to describe below is the conclusion of a long-term discussion of the topic.

Scientists of most major universities have been involved in this problem and it seems that their long-term studies on the subject are not a labour lost, but tend to be valuable and actually significant to further experiments in this field.

On the other hand one can experience that, although it is not a proven fact, aggressiveness can have a detrimental effect on our society, and as a result should be noticed.

Inge Uhrenbacher
6M

ON Y DANSE, ON Y DANSE --

Her body slipped into the waters
sinking slowly to the bottom
lost in the memories of cherries.
And it rains softly on her grave,
and at last she is free with a spirit.
Her memories never to live in those of the present,
never to inherit another body,
only to exist in a memory of an enchanting child
that never grew-up.
Of games and dreams and ice cream after dinner
or a special treat.
And she was twenty three.
But she lived in her own world of blue
of soft dreams and candy kisses.

"Sur le pont d'Avignon,
On y danse,
On y danse - -"

And it rains ever so softly on her grave
knowing now that from the watery depth she watches
though the pond is drained and never to be refilled.
And she is finally content.
With the one person that ever really loved her
by her side.

And her memory still remains but not ever to haunt.
Only of a child that never knew what it was to be a woman
until too late.

But now she is at rest
with blue lilacs on her grave.

"Sur le pont d'Avignon

Her own world of blue

On y danse,
On y danse - -"

Judy Smyth
5B

AN OLD HOUSE

There was no door so I ventured in and I started as the floor boards sagged. There was no need to use a light; the shattered windows revealed a bright grey sky. The house was dead, forlorn and desolate, yet alive with memories. There were no traces of previous intruders and I felt guilty for imposing on peace.

The house was situated alone on the Canadian Prairies and there was a cold, brisk winter wind blowing. This is what drove me to take shelter under the eaves of this decaying residence. Curiosity urged me on.

As I continued, I discovered a room in which were a copper plate hanging on the wall, a mattress and rusted bed springs. The paint on the walls was peeling and worn, and the mattress was hollow where numerous inhabitants must have lain.

I entered the kitchen to find a wood-burning stove, still in fairly good condition in comparison with other fragments. The grey plaster ceiling was speckled with patches of grease. As I relaxed in a distinguished looking rocking chair some of the sights and sounds were replayed in my mind. Some light filtered in through a slit in the only remaining window pane and reflected onto a silky cobweb shining various colours, like oil in a puddle. A gust of wind pushed in

through a crack in the wall and as if attempting to discourage my intrusion, drove dust into my face. Choking and coughing, I groped my way to the open doorway where the wind momentarily took my breath away. From the outside one could hardly imagine it ever having been inhabited.

It was never a town, because of the distance from the house to the barn, and with the fall wind blowing it looked so utterly alone. It must have been a barn for I could detect a faint odour in the wood which was practically overpowered by the smell of dust and sweet, damp hay. The scurrying rats and the buzzing of insects made the barn seem more silent. The dust was a blanket of protection — protection from me. I felt strange, and self conscious, as though numerous pairs of eyes were watching and criticizing me; I had to leave. I touched a chain hanging from a stall and it felt like ice. I touched the door post and it crumbled. I was hastening the decay, so I ran.

When outside I looked once more at the familiar silver-black shingles, through which the wind shrieked like a siren. It looked so lonely, yet if any strange being entered, it would be driven out immediately. It was a relic of the past, reflecting the personalities of its inhabitants, and I left feeling disturbed.

Karen Hayes
5C

THE MAN WHO LIVED FOREVER

The grey wind blew age —
old leaves down the slow passing of the years
It had no strength to toss them high,
but with slow strokes to spare their withered forms,
moved their sighing, on under silent arches —
trees grey and black wove their starved branches
into a shabby roof, cold as the leaden sky.
I walked alone
with the grey wind in my face
and the grey leaves at my feet.
The trees spoke to me with their old voices
and the years settled in dust on their boughs.
My way was dim; no sun, moon or star
could pierce the chill of death that sundered us.
I could not stay for you —
The grey wind is before me
and I must go
until I come to the edge of Time and Forever.
The grey arches will come to an end
and the wind be at my back.
I will know all things and the stars will
be at my feet,
and I shall be one with eternity.

Roberta Laking
5B

UNTITLED

There it was part of the house
There it was being no part of the house
The house was cold
The room was warm
I sat suchioned into the pink rug
I sat there being part of the house
I sat enclosed by four walls
Enclosed in body, but not mind
My mind was wandering, wandering,
It was wandering that it seemed too big to fit in
proportion to the rest of me
Wars, death, depression, all pounded through
Not one by one, that's too easy
All at once
Who was I?
How did I get here?
All those questions had been answered
Any bible will tell you OR
If you don't believe in rituals that some religious
fanatic wrote
Then, try a scientific reason
Still have questions, I know
Let's all accept the fact that we're here
how, who cares?
Like it or not, we have no choice
Make the best of it
No, that's too easy,
Why should life be full of peace and gaiety
Why should we accept the negroes
 their skin is a different colour
Why talk things over about the changes in the college
campus
 riot, its different, so a few kids drop off.
It's not you.
 It could never happen to you.
The Vietnamese are having a quarrel. No it's
something more than
that, it's a WAR
 Let's go join them, it's too dull around here.
Pollution, oh let's just watch.
 Other people are helping to clean it up.

Can't anybody in this darn world be satisfied?
Sure it's silly watching little children fighting
over a t.v. channel.

Well world, take a look at yourself that's even a
bigger LAUGH

Carol Aaron
5A

IF ONLY IT WERE YESTERDAY

If only it were yesterday
The day I came from my mother's womb
Kicking and howling
With my mother dying
And my father crying and swearing
because I had lived and my mother had not
Swearing to God to please bring her back.

Walking through my pre-school days
Admiring the gang
The leader with the Tommy-Lo knife
 and all the attention
Which I later took away from him
Because his father had threatened my father
Who I loved
Despite his shortcomings
I still loved him.

And in the time I spent killing
Because it was the war
Praying upon the enemy
While being staged in a church
 Deep in a Cuban jungle.

To kill takes no brains
To think is a sin
To think of the man, woman or child . . .
Now I am a woman
With a husband and children of my own
But if only it were yesterday
 When I never understood what my father
 was swearing about
 Only the tender touch of my mother
 as she laid me to her breast.

Judy Smythe
5B

THE WAYSIDE CHAPEL

Background: An English lady was visiting in Switzerland and while she was there, she was looking for a room, and she asked the schoolmaster if he could recommend any. He took her to see several rooms, and when everything was settled, she returned home to make final preparations for the move. When she arrived home, the thought suddenly occurred to her that she had not seen a "WATER CLOSET" (Toilet) around the place. She immediately wrote a note to the schoolmaster asking him if there was a "W.C." around. The schoolmaster was a very poor master of English, so he asked the Parish Priest if he could help in this matter. Together they tried to discover the meaning of the letters "W.C.", and the only solution they could find for the letters was a "Wayside Chapel". The schoolmaster then wrote the following note to the English lady seeking a "W.C." with her room.

Dear madam:

I take great comfort in informing you that a W.C. is situated nine miles from the house in the center of a beautiful grove of pine trees, surrounded by lovely grounds.

It is capable of holding 229 people, and it is open on Sundays and Thursdays only. As there are a great many people expected during the summer months, I would suggest that you come early, although there is usually plenty of standing room. This is an unfortunate situation, particularly if you are in the habit of going regularly. You will no doubt be glad to hear that a good many bring their lunch and make a day of it, while others who can't afford to go by car arrive just in time. I would especially advise your ladyship to go on Thursday, when there is an organ accompaniment. The acoustics are excellent and even the most delicate sounds can be heard everywhere. It may interest you to know that my daughter was married in the W.C., and it was there that she met her husband. I can remember the rush there was for seats. There were ten people to a seat usually occupied by one, and it was wonderful to see the expression on their faces.

The newest attraction is a bell, donated by a wealthy resident of the district; it rings everytime a person enters. A bazaar is to be held to provide plush seats for all since the people believe that it is a long-felt want.

My wife is rather delicate, so she can't go regularly; it is almost a year since she went last. Naturally, it pains her very much not to be able to go more often. I shall be delighted to reserve the best seat for you, if you wish, where you will be seen by all. For the children, there is a special time so that they will not disturb the elders.

Hoping to have been of some service to you, I remain,

Sincerely,

The Schoolmaster.

Chris Haase,
6M



ELMWOOD GAZETTE

April first, nineteen hundred and seventy-one

INFLATIONARY PRICE: \$3.00

Twiggy has just died from an overdose of mash potatoes.

Party leader Brezhnev has just announced Russia's intention to build a revolving restaurant on the top of the Kremlin. This, he said, will help promote Russia's national interests, yet it is generally thought that he is rather jealous of Monsieur Drapeau's culinary abilities.

Israel's premier Golda Meir has announced her cabinet's decision, in conjunction with Egypt by means of a secret treaty, to dam up the Red Sea and drain it. This monumental task is believed to be possible since it has been accomplished once before in history if only temporarily. It is also expected to relieve the crowded conditions on the battlefields.

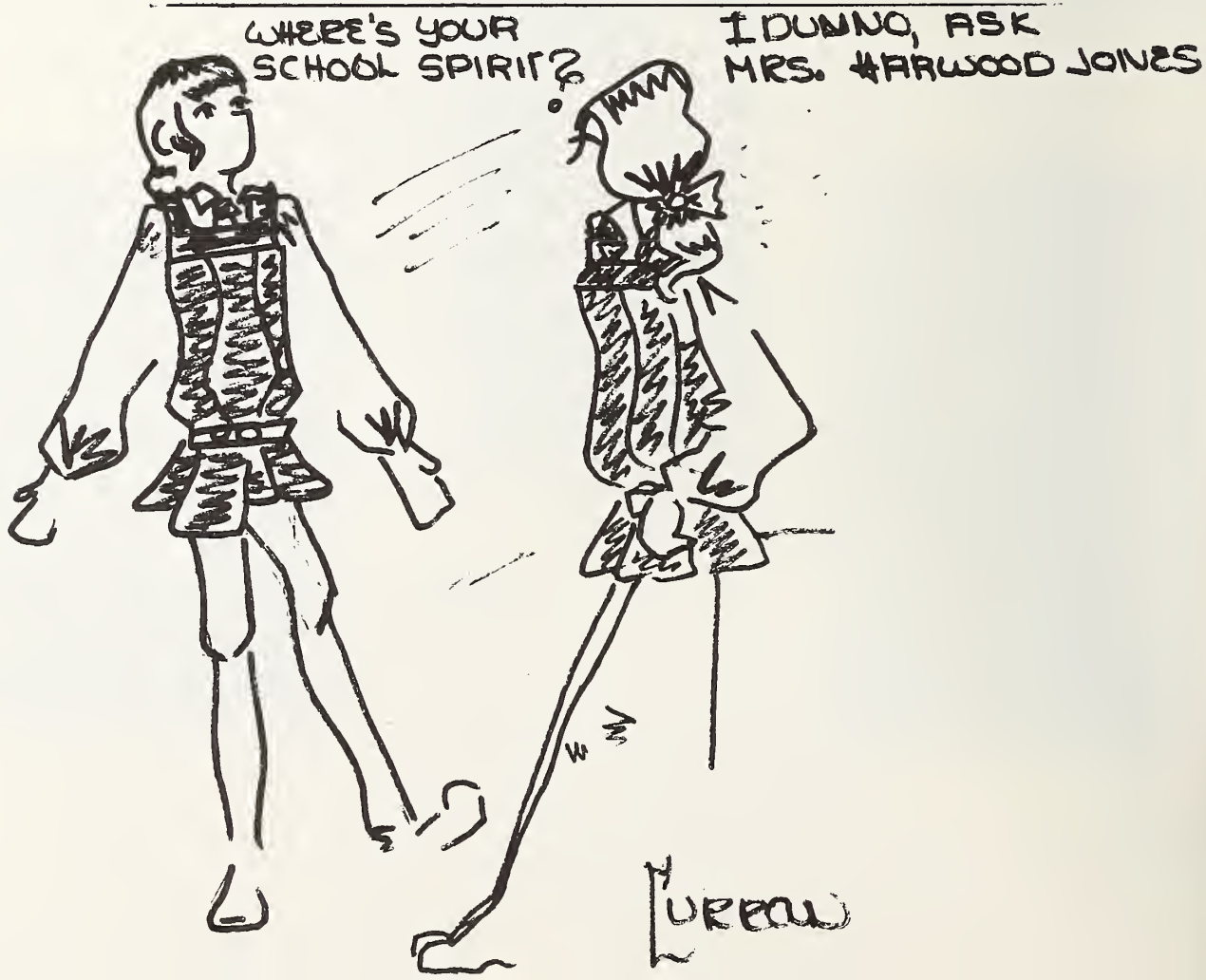
Prime Minister Trudeau has announced his intention of moving Canada's capital from Ottawa to Vancouver. Consequently the parliament buildings would be rebuilt on the top of Grouse mountain. He feels that the members of parliament would be less aggressive after the enjoyable scenic gondola ride and in the winter they could ski down.

It has just been announced that the 1976 World Exposition will be held in Carrons, Antarctica. This decision is in agreement with all factions concerned. They feel that this will not only reduce the crowds to tolerable numbers of three or four, but will also serve to tie the world together in harmony.

Debbie Coyne.



BUREAU



BUREAU



Grade 10?



3 inches or 12 inches? All's the same at Elmwood.

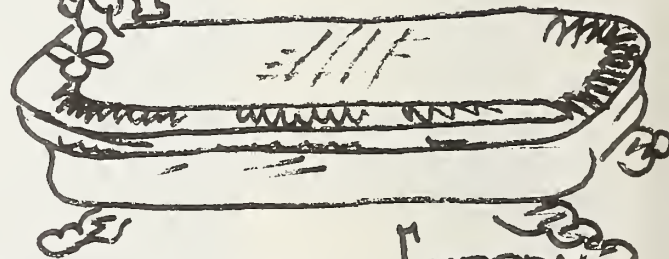


Teacher — Student Switchover.



WELL, THEY SAID ANYTHING
FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE
RIDICULOUS DIDN'T THEY? *

* ELMWOOD AUCTION



LURRAN



HEELLPPP!

YAH SHE'S ON OUR SKI
TEAM, WHAT ABOUT IT?



MURROU

6 UPPER?



Or 6 upper





Cave Drawings



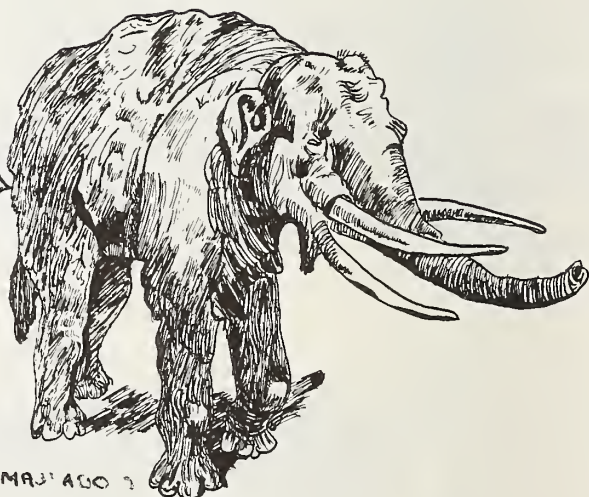
BONE AXE



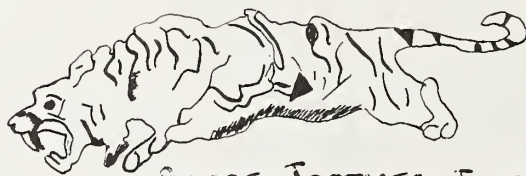
A STONE AGE CRAFTSMAN



FLINT SPEAR



MAJAGO



SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER



THE JUNIOR SCHOOL IN 1970/71

By: Ranjana Basu

What a year the Junior School had. The trip to Montréal in the first term got the year rolling. It was just a one day visit but everyone had fun. We went to the Dow Planetarium and a museum which had the queerest bikes in the world. They had gigantic wheels and tiny seats. You would not believe how funny they looked. At the planetarium the programme set our imaginative little minds working, especially when we considered how much there is to discover about other planets. We felt very small as we tried to grasp the extent of the universe.

During the spring term the juniors were interested in the election of Junior School House Captains and other officers. The girls in each house nominated and voted for the girl they thought would make the best househead. Susan Attack was chosen as the head of Fry, Andrea Linton was elected for Nightingale, and Deborah Chappell was chosen for Keller. The object in having junior househeads was to involve the juniors in more house activities. All three househeads did well, and were given a great deal of support from the junior vice househeads and sports captains. They all worked closely with the senior officers. There were some very successful sporting activities between junior houses, and it is during these that you realise that you have a strong feeling for your house.

Once again the juniors put on a talent show. "And -a- one, and -a- two, and -a- three," the grade 3's and 4's counted, putting a great deal of concentration into their song which was a great success with the audience. Their musical talents really bloomed when they played their own percussion instruments, with Mrs. Grills at the piano. Then came piano duets and solos by Joanna Abbott and Karen Ellis. They played well, running through their pieces with hardly a mistake. Susan Reid played a pretty piece on the piano. The whole audience roared with laughter when Heather McIntosh ended her performance with the words, "I tried." The highspot of the show, the Pentagons from grade 8, were pretty nervous. I ought to know, I was one of them. They sang a variation of a school song and by popular request did a repeat performance at the end of the programme. Our thanks go to Mrs. Grills and all the performers.

The summer term was highlighted by what proved to be the biggest trip of 'em all, the May weekend trip to Québec City. We were sorry to have to say goodbye to some of the juniors at school. We had a lively coach trip down, and we were soon to be found in the gym of the Y.W.C.A. blowing up our air mattresses and unrolling sleeping bags. Along with seeing old Québec, the Plains of Abraham, and walking on the Boardwalk on Saturday, we all had a grand supper. Would you believe we even managed to squeeze in a swim? It was great bedding down on the floor. Before leaving on Sunday we went to the aquarium. We fell in love with the very young seals. Unfortunately it finally was time to leave.

During the year, the Junior Drama Club did very well in "Robin Hood". They hoped that the audience had as much fun as the performers had preparing the play. Mrs. Wood felt that the juniors fell easily into the parts of loveable rascals.

The Junior School teachers were grateful for the help the girls gave in converting the old school library into an attractive and comfortable Junior School Library.

We all enjoyed the performance of "Anne of Green Gables" at the Arts Centre, and also the ballet "Swan Lake". Let's just say that the opera "The Magic Flute", with the use of puppets, was an interesting experience. I think that everyone felt that the introduction of Wednesday afternoon activities was a successful experiment. Sports Day went well and the juniors put on an energetic gym display, which was followed by an Elmwood variation on the Cornish Floral Dance. For weeks the Junior Library had been lost under a sea of tissue paper flowers, and everywhere people were seen to be afflicted by a strange disease which led them to break into song and little "one-two-three-hops".

Thank you, Mrs Wood and all the teachers, for a great year.

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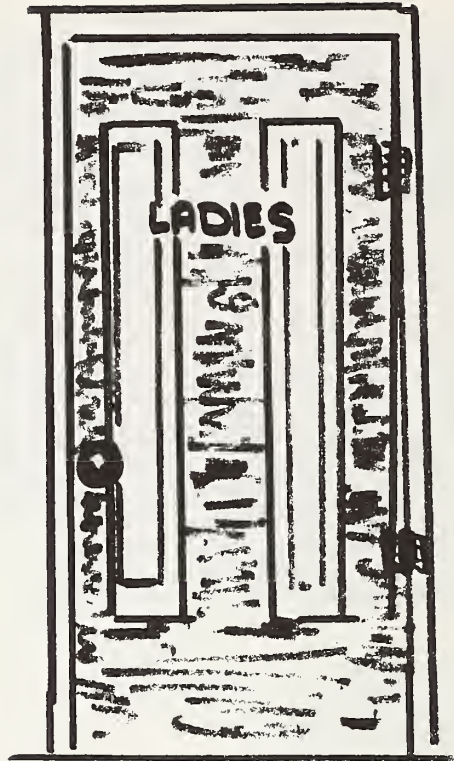
G
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L
S



2 minutes before 12:30.

Friday afternoon crush.





5-A COMMON ROOM
LUEKAN



6M COMMON ROOM?

ACTIVITIES

ELMWOOD



AND THE ELMWOOD RIDING
CLUB GALLUPS INTO THE
SLUSH!!

LURRAN



GUESS WHO
+
GUESS WHAT!

LURRAN

NIBBLES

It started on Wednesday afternoon
I thought to myself, "disaster soon".
And before I knew it, we were there.
They led me to a whopping great mare
Up I got, what a climb
Everything was still, "ah, just fine"
Then all of a sudden we sprang to a walk
I was so scared I couldn't talk.
To the ring", Mrs. Brokenshire shouted
Immediately I felt Routed
Round and round the ring we walked
As Mrs. B. talked and talked.
Oh no! My turn next.
That dumb Nibbles, what a hex.
Faster and faster and faster still
OK, I give up, I've had my fill.

But "Nibs" didn't agree
I really don't think he liked me.
Suddenly a white fence came near
Greater and greater rose my fear.
And before I knew it, PLUNK, on the ground.
Quite a nasty experience, I found.
Mrs. Brokenshire let out a gasp
"Bring the stretcher fast, I think she's dead.
A blood transfusion quick, she said."
"Ten minutes left, Lesley can wait
Once 'round the ring, canter and gate"
As you can see, I'm still alive
To get back on I'll have to strive
I hope this time I will survive!!

Lesley Macmillan, 5C

GOURMET COOKING COURSE

From January to March, Georgie, Marnie, Marissa, Diana, Christine, Sarah, Sally and myself learned so much about cooking from Mrs. Beattie and Adosinda, her cook.

Unfortunately, every week was filled with a mistake.

The first week was my worst. While Georgie and I were making some bean soup we felt that the time had come to mix the hot beans up in the blender. The blender didn't work too well so I began to turn the container around. To our surprise, the bean soup came pouring out of the bottom of the blender; all over the counters and the floor. Luckily, we managed to save some soup for the prefect's lunch and I'm sure that Mrs. Aldous liked it because we put one and a half cups of red wine in it.

During the third week, Georgie didn't feel so well so while she was covering the cookies with egg whites, she spilled the jar filled with the egg whites all over the cookie sheet. (This might not seem too amusing to you — but it was to us.)

Just two weeks ago, fate rested over Marnie's head. While she was using the garburator with Adosinda we suddenly heard a rush of water. Seconds later we saw water pouring out of the sink in the bathroom while the basement ceiling was leaking.

Even Sarah can be remembered by the way she constantly ate the uncooked dough, while Marissa played with the dog and ate anything in sight. Diana, Christine and Sally were known for their patience and they will probably turn out to be the best cooks.

Every week we baked cookies that went to the Island Park Lodge for "meals on wheels" and we saw a demonstration in cooking by natural gas.

Our next exciting event is to see the Galloping Gourmet, Graham Kerr.

Before I close I can only say thank you for Mrs. Beattie's and Adosinda's powerful patience and their helpfulness by providing Elmwood with another activity.

From the only cook who spoiled the broth —
Vicky



6UM

The Spirit of Christmas was ushered in this year with great gusto and enthusiasm by the girls of 6M and 6U. Together grades 12 and 13 produced a show of great variety. It included something everyone was sure to enjoy. Whether it was a skit, a song or joke there was fun for everyone. It was done with tremendous enthusiasm and spirit. It started off with a lively sing-song, Puff the Magic Dragon and Jet Plane. This set the tone for what was to come. We also sang a school song made up by Sandy Rubin to the tune of "John Brown's Body". Few girls will forget Mr. Whitwill's being "wrapped up in atoms and molecules", "the Aldous-Carter combination", "the boys at Ashbury and Grade 9", or "Mrs. Davies' in-jokes that are out." Another song which we sang was a conglomeration of Christmas carols arranged by Debbie Coyne with lines such as "Frosty the Snowman came upon a midnight clear". This proved to be a real success. For those more fishy-minded people there was the catchy number sung by Marnie and Janet, "The Codfish Ball". They sang with much expression and acted with humour. There was Gipsy Rose Lee's song, "Let me entertain you" done by Markie Cochrane, garbed in a smocked dress and bobby socks and her hair done in high pigtails with bows. She was a picture of "a little girl," Teddy Bear and all.

Marnie and a group of girls danced the Charleston which made us think that modern dancing is not so strange after all. In between the numbers there were some amusing advertisements for products such as scope, and Ban deodorant which seemed to go over very well. There were also some pretty funny jokes which caused a great uproar of laughter. The Leg Stunt was most amusing.

A highlight of the show was when Mrs. Davies and Mrs. Brokenshire sang a most charming duet, "My Favourite Things". They were dressed in tunics and were truly a sight to behold. They sang so beautifully and professionally that they were asked to give an encore. It seemed obvious to all who listened that they should be answering a higher calling, that of the stage, instead of being teachers. However, I am glad to report that the roof of the stage stayed firmly in place. Another highlight of the show was Marnie's number, "1946, Who's that Girl?". Marnie was indeed the picture of a showgirl, in a black slinky dress with frills, highheeled pumps, beads, heavy make-up and page-boy hair style. She did a superb job and had everyone's attention as she swivelled and moved about the stage. In short the production was a tremendous success. After it was over, we all went home filled with good cheer and looking forward to the Christmas holidays. Special thanks should be given to the girls in 6M and 6U who planned and organized it, and to Mrs. Davies who directed it. Hopefully, this type of show will become a tradition at Elmwood.

ACTIVITIES

"SURVIVAL DAY"

"Survival Day" for Elmwood certainly got us Elmwood girls out in the air raking all those pesty leaves for hours on end but the only good thing was the enthusiasm and the realization that many do care for the problem of pollution of today and tomorrow. Yet we raked for hours breaking our backs, blistering our hands and what did we gain — nothing. Oh sure there was less smoke floating through Rockcliffe and sure those bare little green patches where we had raked looked awfully pretty. But all the city people did was take them somewhere else to be burned. You think that's going to help our air any? I mean what's the point?

REACH FOR THE TOP

This year Elmwood competed in "Reach for the Top" once more. We played against Renfrew and although we lost we found the competition fun and exhilarating and the lunch delicious. We will all look back on this experience in our years at Elmwood and we thank the school for being so open-minded about our blunders.



PUBLIC SPEAKING WINNERS

VOLLEYBALL



This year the Senior Volleyball Team played twenty games. We won two. Yes, we did very well for our first year.

We all had fun when playing and I'd like to say to all the girls who played throughout the season that you were all very good sports. I think we all learned a lot; and not only about volleyball.

We never had the same team which caused great confusion and disorder; but when someone did fill in they did their best.

As Mont St. Joseph put it, "You guys were hopeless when you began; just look at you now."

Maybe next year girls!

Sue Evans 6M



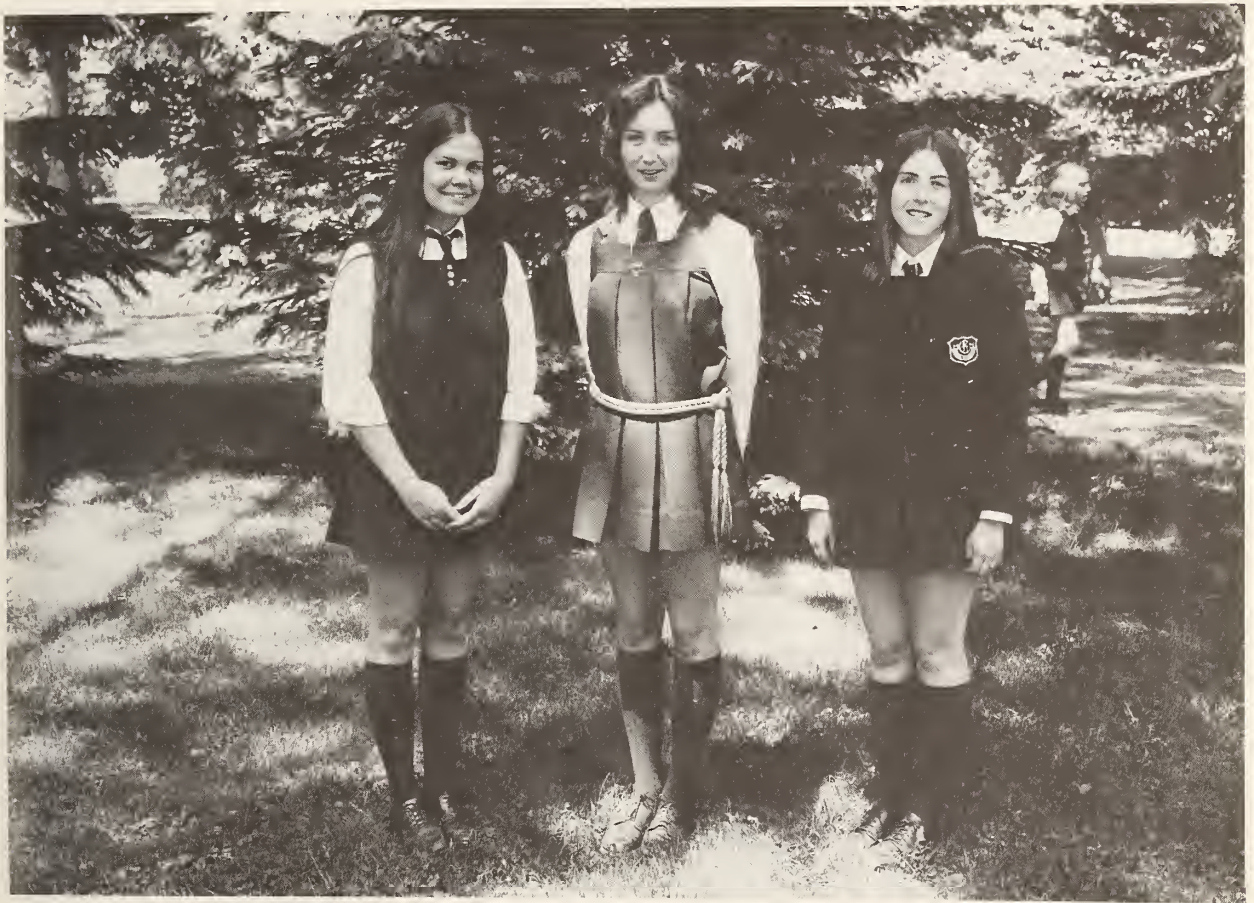
ELMWOOD DANCE COMMITTEE

As head of the Dance Committee I would like to thank all students who assisted me with the arrangements for the dances.

This year Elmwood and Ashbury combined their efforts in the Annual Graduation Formal which was held May 8, 1971, at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club. It passed smoothly with no drawbacks and although the dance room tended to be on the stifling side everybody enjoyed themselves.

I would like to thank Martin Conell and the Ashbury dance committee for their help in organizing the Formal and many thanks to my dance committee: Mimi Stanfield, Nancy King and Lynne Sampson.

Pat Mullen



Mimi Stanfield, Pat Mullen, Nancy King.
Absent: Lynne Sampson.

JUNIOR SCHOOL COMPETITIONS

Junior English Competition

Fry 140
Nightingale 92
Keller 19

Grade 8 winner — Heather McIntosh

Grade 7 winner — Lesley Law

Grades 3 & 3-6 — Ailsa Francis

Junior Art Craft Competition

Fry 207
Nightingale 128
Keller 75

Craft Winners — Cynthia Cowan, Debbie Desjardins, Cheryl Saunders.

Art Winners — Ailsa Francis, Debbie Chapell, Anne Koch.

Junior Swimming Competition

Fry 79
Nightingale 57
Keller 48

Junior House Heads

Fry — Susan Atack, Vice-Head - Ranjana Basu.

Nightingale — Andrea Linton, Vice-Head — Kara Hattersley-Smith.

Keller — Deborah Chapell, Vice-Head — Marianne Cuhaci.

HUMANE SOCIETY WINNERS:

D.P. Cruikshank Trophy
— Deborah Chapell, 1st prize winner

Catherine Smith Trophy
— Lesley Law, 2nd.
— Laurel Chick, 3rd.

Class Winners

Grade 6 — Florentia Conway, Ailsa Francis, Jenni Johnston.

Grade 5 — Felicity Smith, Amanda Greenhalgh, Emily Conway.

This year the junior school went on two excursions — one to Montreal and the other to Quebec City. They also put on near the end of the year a very interesting talent show which even the seniors thoroughly enjoyed. The initiation of junior school house-heads this year has tended to separate them more from the Senior School yet they remain as ever an important part of Elmwood.

SPORTS DAY 1971 — 1972

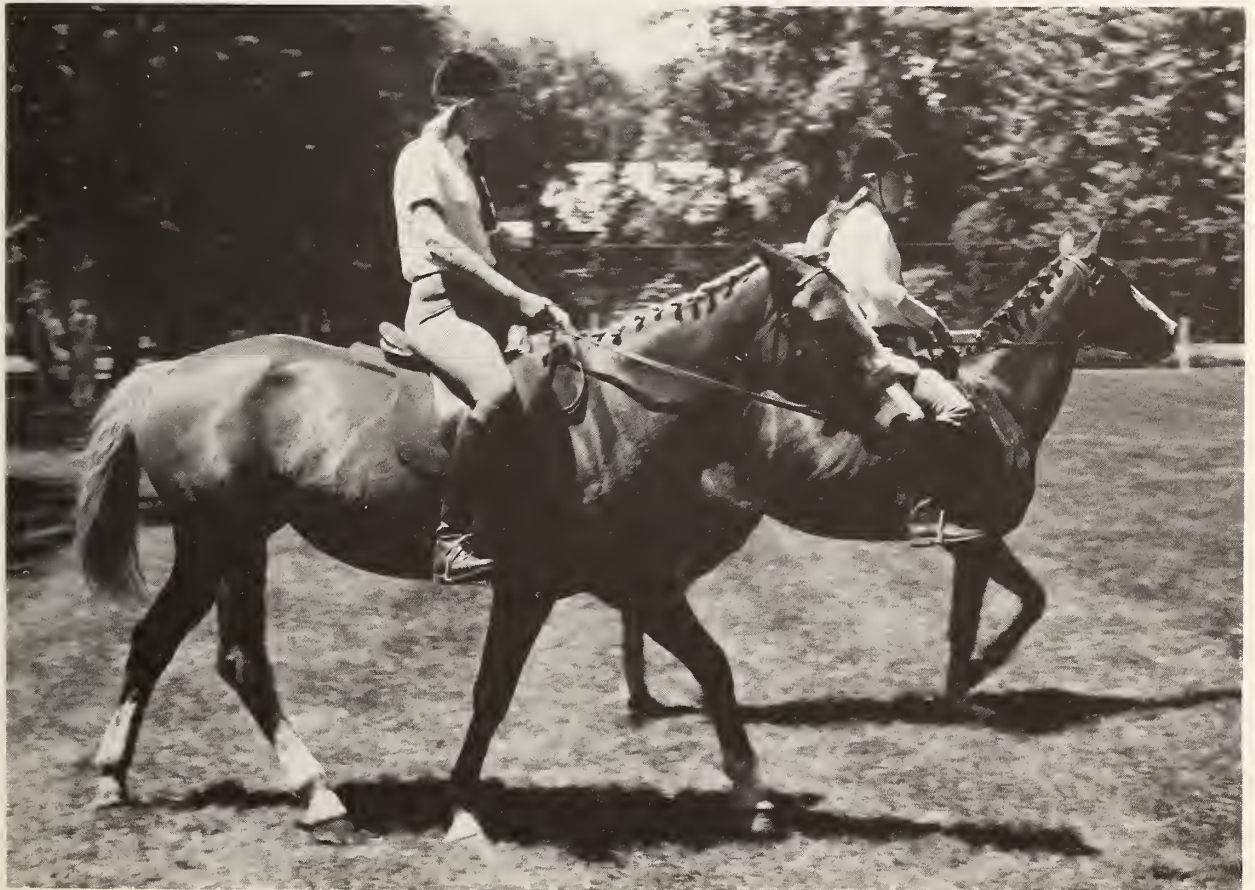
Sports Day is one day at the end of the year when the whole school gets together for a day of fun and games. The Junior School put on a gymnastics display and a flower dance which they put a lot of hard work into and which came off very well. Mrs. Brokenshire, alias Grandma Liz, put on a Horse Dance with four of the senior girls. All the girls were then involved in track and field events. The top winners were Jenni Johnston, Ranjana Basu, Simonne Fletcher and Sue Evans.











JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS

The Junior School was not sitting idly by watching the seniors. They were at least as busy as the seniors.

In the fall they were challenged to a soccer game by one of the Public Schools. This was the girls' first year with soccer but that didn't hold them back. They put up a great fight.

The juniors played inter-house volleyball, newcom ball, baseball, badminton and even had a swimming competition. I believe I am right in saying that Fry came top in the Junior sports.

by Nancy Worthen,
Sports Captain.

JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAINS



Laurel Chick (Keller), Kara Hattersley-Smith and Anne Marie Kopp (Nightingale), Shealagh Hurley (Fry).

SCHOOL SPORTS

This year has been a good year for Elmwood's athletes because for the first time in the school's history we were entered in intercollegiate volleyball, skiing and for the second consecutive year our track and field team has gone into intercollegiate competition. Our overall results are not outstanding by highschool standards but I think we did very well. The teams all tried hard and I know that all the people concerned really enjoyed themselves.

We entered two volleyball teams, a senior and junior team. The junior team was chosen from all the girls in the senior school who were under sixteen years of age. Once this team was chosen you could be sure the gym was never vacant; they were practising all the time. We were fortunate enough to have four young Brazilian girls on the team. They were talented as well as full of enthusiasm. All the girls worked as part of the team not as individuals and this was one of their strong points. The senior team was made up of girls sixteen and over. The girls on the senior team found it hard to make all the practises because of other commitments but they tried hard and played a very respectable series. They even had the occasional win and a couple of close games. Both teams did extremely well under the present circumstances.

In the coldest month of the year . . . January, our ski team trotted off to the races. Friday, the first day of the races, was a cold clear day with almost ideal racing conditions. The Alpine team; Jane Bell, Anne Stevenson, and Janis Robertson had no coaching for the race so we were expecting very little. The girls, all things considered, did very well, coming in the top twenty of both their Alpine races. Our

cross-country team; Jane Ginsberg, Cathy Ginsberg, and Jane Bell also did very well. I am sure that next year the girls will do even better, now that we know the procedures.

This was the second year of competition for our track and field team. We practiced the field events at Elmwood, but because Elmwood has no track, we were compelled to practice at Ashbury. This inconvenience was not considered so by many of the girls. The team practiced in all weather; the girls started running as soon as the snow melted. By the middle of May the team was getting into very good shape. Our team turned out in full force for the Eastern Ottawa meet. Sue Evans, our school track and field star, broke the Senior high jump record. Marissa Goebbels came second in the Junior 800 meters, Cindy Leigh and Carrie Ann Douglas both qualified in the Junior 100 yard dash, and the Junior relay team also qualified for the City of Ottawa meet. Sue and Marissa came through at the City meet and qualified for the Ottawa Valley meet. This was where Sue really showed her stuff. She broke the record and came second overall. Congratulations are in order for the whole track team. They did exceptionally well.

Things were not quiet back at school as everyone was busy with inter-house competitions. Volleyball, Basketball, Badminton and Baseball were played by the Senior school. These games were all very close. Fry won most of the competitions but Nightingale managed a victory in volleyball. Badminton was won by individuals from all the houses.

by Nancy Worthen,
Sports Captain.

SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAINS



Jackie Portal-Foster (Nightingale), Nancy Worthen (School Sports Captain), Jane Bell (Fry), Sue Evans (Keller).

ELMWOOD CLOSING

1970 — 71

FORM PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE HIGHEST

AVERAGE FOR THE YEAR

Form 3B	Sara Ellis 85%
Form 3A	Felicity Smith 86%
Form 4C	Jenni Johnston 83%
Form 4B	Joanna Abbatt 86%
Form 4A	Ranjana Basu 91%
Form 5C	Laurie McCoubrey 91%
Form 5B	Viviane Templeton 94%
Form 5A	Christy Ann Lomas 87%
6 Matric	Deborah Coyne 91%

PROFICIENCY STANDING

80% and over up to and including 5B
75% and over in 5A, 6M and 6U

Form 3B	Marianne Karsh 80%
Form 3A	
Form 4C	Florentia Conway 82%
	Ailsa Francis 82%
	Katherine Koch 81%
Form 4B	Laurel Chick 82%
	Barbara Clark 80%
	Cynthia Cowan 84%
	Karen Ellis 83%
	Leslie Law 81%
	Sonia Taticek 85%
Form 4A	Christine Cole 90%
	Heather McIntosh 90%
	Ann Koch 89%
	Shelagh Hurley 88%
	Virginia Hall 86%
	Deborah Chappell 85%
	Kara Hattersley-Smith 85%
	Ann Marie Kopp 85%
	Marianne Cuhaci 85%
	Mary Benson 82%
	Georgina Mundy 81%
Form 5C	Barbara Coyne 86%
	Donna MacPhee 86%
	Sandra Kovachic 86%
	Elizabeth Marion 85%
	Terry Clark 82%
	Karen Hayes 81%
	Jennifer Miles 81%
	Deborah Williams 80%
Form 5B	Daphne Snelgrove 91%
	Roberta Laking 90%
	Jane Bell 86%
	Talitha Fabricius 85%
	Catherine Ashton 83%
Form 5A	Nora Curran 85%
	Sheri Price 79%
	Alison Urie 77%
	Rehana Kahn 82%

6 Matric	Diana Magee 90%
	Jane Micklethwaite 86%
	Lynne Sampson 85%
	Sarah Whitwill 85%
	Marissa Goebbels 81%
	Inge Uhrenbacher 80%
	Christine Haase 79%
	Penelope MacRae 79%
	Molly Marion 77%
	Halina Jeletzky 76%
	Ingrid Sorensen 76%
6 Upper	Jennifer Chance 87%
	Gailey Li 87%
	Jacqueline Heard 85%
	Margaret Cochran 80%
	Janet Hampson 81%
	Jane Martin 76%
	Marjorie Swift 77%
	Grace Yeung 77%
	Elizabeth Menzies 76%

10% IMPROVEMENT

Form 3B	Marianne Karsh
Form 4C	Jenni Johnston
Form 4A	Susan Attack
	Ann Braithwaite
	Deborah Doubek
	Frances Elkie
	Virginia Hall
	Georgina Mundy
	Leigh Saunders
Form 5C	Julia Clark
	Donna MacPhee
	Alicie Nowyakuduk
	Janis Robertson
Form 5A	Isabel Douglas
	Wendy Hampson
	Shareen Marland
	Rosamund Morgan
	Ann Stevenson

JUNIOR PRIZE FOR PROGRESS

Michele Smith 2A
Judith Bisiker 2A
Deborah Baxter 4A

JUNIOR PRIZE FOR EFFORT

Katherine Koch 4C
Heather McIntosh

JUNIOR DRAMA

Jacqueline Portal-Foster

INTERMEDIATE DRAMA

MOTHERS' GUILD PUBLIC SPEAKING PRIZE —

JUNIOR JUNIOR

Jenni Johnston

JUNIOR

Shelagh Hurley

INTERMEDIATE

Jacqueline Portal-Foster

SENIOR

Jennifer Chance

JUNIOR SEWING

Susan Reid

JUNIOR ART

Ailsa Francis

INTERMEDIATE ART

Sandra Kovachic

SENIOR ART

Sally Gale

SPORTS AWARDS

Green From Drill Cup — 4a - Form Captain Heather McIntosh
 Wilson Senior Sports Cup — Susan Evans
 Dunlop Intermediate Sports Cup — Simone Fletcher
 Fauquier Junior Sports Cup — Christina Cole
 Crwody-Weir Bantam Sports Cup — Jenni Johnston
 Inter-House Sports Cup — Fry
 Symington Inter-House Senior Basketball — Fry
 Intermediate Basketball — Fry
 Junior House Volleyball — Fry
 Intermediate House Volleyball — Fry
 Senior Inter-House Volleyball — Nightingale
 Mathias Intermediate Badminton Singles — Jacqueline Portal-Foster
 Daniels Senior Badminton Singles — Christy Ann Lomas
 Bantam Badminton Doubles — Ann Marie Kopp — Marianne Cuhaci
 Bantam Badminton Singles — Ann Marie Kopp
 Junior Badminton Doubles — Ranjana Basu - Shelagh Hurley
 Junior Badminton Singles — Ranjana Basu
 Intermediate Badminton Doubles — Jacqueline Portal-Foster - Luziah Ismail
 Jackson Senior Badminton Doubles — Victoria Wilgress - Pat Mullen
 Maynard Sportsmanship Cup — Jane Bell
 Physical Education Gold Medal — Susan Evans

LAIDLER CUP

Awarded to the girl who, not necessarily the highest in the form in studies or sports, has made her mark on the Junior School by her good character and dependability. It is given to a girl who can be relied upon at any time, and is always helpful and thoughtful of others.

Awarded to: Heather McIntosh

MRS. WOOD'S PRIZE

For someone who has seemed to show the qualities that she has appreciated in her form - maturity, sensitivity and a sense of humour.

Awarded to: Marianne Cuhaci

SOUTHAM CUP FOR JUNIOR ENDEAVOUR

Awarded for the highest endeavour in all phases of school life in the Junior School. It is the equivalent of the Summa Summarum in the Senior School. It is given to the girl who best lives up to the ideals of Elmwood, who shows leadership, good standing in her class, keenness in sports, and friendliness and helpfulness to others in the school.

Awarded to: Ranjana Basu

Scripture

Form 3B Marianne Karsh
 Form 3A Nadine Cvetanovic
 Form 4C Florentia Conway
 Form 4B Laurel Chick
 Form 4A Wendy MacPhee
 Form 5C Donna MacPhee
 Form 5B Jacqueline Portal-Foster
 Form 5A Rehana Khan

Junior Choir - Ann Marie Kopp
 Senior Choir - Jane Ginsberg
 Junior Music - Susan Attack
 Senior Music - Inge Uhrenbacher
 Junior School English Prize - Christina Cole
 The Elizabeth Tanczyk Science Prize (for interest)
 - Ann Perley-Robertson
 Intermediate English - Christy Ann Lomas
 Intermediate Mathematics - Daphne Snelgrove
 Intermediate German - Peggy Waller
 Junior French Prize - Deborah Doubek
 Junior French Prize (for keen interest)- Sonia Taticek
 Rothwell 5C English Prize — Barbara Coyne
 Bell Ringer's Prize - Barbara Coyne
 Flag Raiser's Prize - Ann MacDonald

House Head Awards	Fry	Jane Martin
	Keller	Georgina Binks
	Nightingale	Victoria Wilgress

Edith Buck Religious Knowledge Prize - Marnie Edwards
 Senior Matriculation Latin Prize - Jacqueline Heard
 Matriculation Geography Prize - Halina Jeletzky
 Matriculation Spanish Prize - Christine Haase
 Matriculation German - Marissa Goebbels
 Senior Matriculation Math Prize - Deborah Coyne
 Senior Matriculation Science Prize - Gailey Li
 Senior Matriculation History Prize - Marjorie Swift
 Senior Matriculation English Prize - Jennifer Chance
 Senior Matriculation French Prize - Jane Martin
 Greenblatt 6 Matric English Prize - Molly Marion
 Firestone 5A Matriculation Latin Prize - Christy Ann Lomas
 Form Mistress's Prize - Grade 13 - Janet Hampson
 Old Girls' House Motto Prize
 Fry "Friendship to All" - Jane Bell
 Keller "Fair Play" - Jane Micklethwaite
 Nightingale "Not for Ourselves Alone" - Jackie Portal-Foster

Winner: Jane Bell
 Graham Form Trophy 6M - Form Captain Olwyn Morrow
 House Trophy - Nightingale - V. Wilgress - Head
 Edward's Prize For Good General Improvement - Alison Schofield
 All-Round Contribution to School Life - Jacqueline Portal-Foster
 Best Officer's Cup — Nancy Worthen
 Ewing Cup for Character - Patricia Mullen
 Shield - To - Deborah Coyne

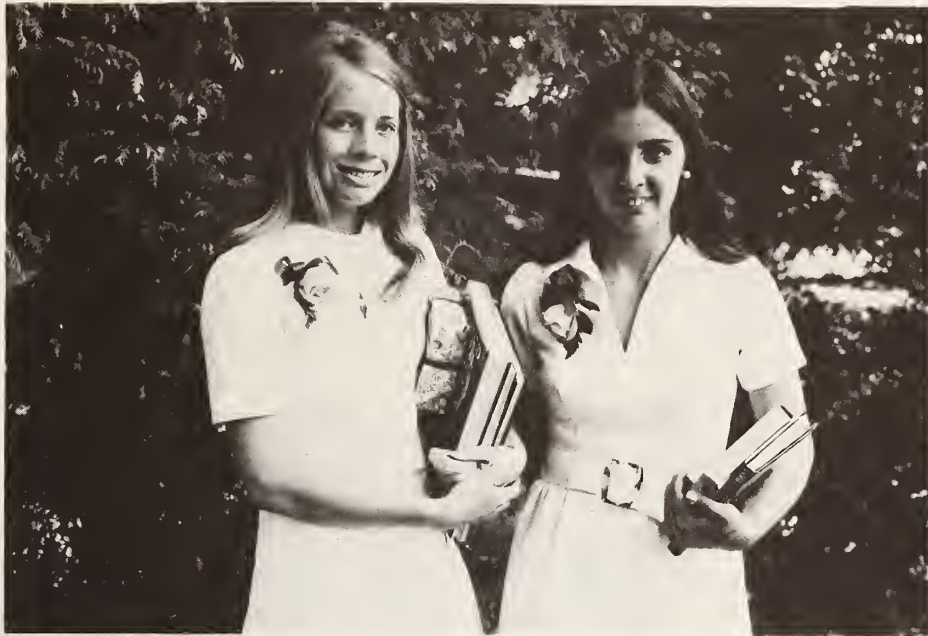
HIGHEST PROFICIENCY IN 6 UPPER - Arts Option - Jennifer Chance
 HIGHEST PROFICIENCY IN 6 UPPER - Science - Gailey Li

PHILPOT TOKEN

Awarded to the girl who best maintains the spirit and ideals which, as well as a high standard of scholarship, achievement in games, and charm of manner, may set her mark upon the school in the spirit of service, freedom and fair play.
 Awarded to: Jennifer Chance

SUMMA SUMMARUM

Awarded to the Senior girl who has tried most faithfully to live up to the ideals and best traditions of the school and who possesses the qualities of integrity, trustworthiness, the spirit of comradeship and the capacity to achieve.
 Awarded to: Jacqueline Heard.



Jenny Chance (Head Prefect), Jackie Heard (Head Girl).



RIDDLE: How many trophies did they win?

Jane Martin (Head of Fry), Vicki Wilgress (Head of Nightingale),
Georgie Binks (Head of Keller).



VALEDICTORY ADDRESS, 1971

Inevitably the time has come to say good-bye. The year has unfolded its treasures: the memories of good times and the hard times which were of equal value in many ways. It has been in the sharing of our experiences and in the companionship found in our activities interests and duties that we have discovered a joy which we will often look back on with longing. For many, and I know especially for our class, the winter was a long and dragging one until the beautiful Elmwood grounds felt the first freshness of Spring. Yet someone always cheered us up and the 6U common room was usually lively.

Most of the impetus to carry on our frustrating days we attribute to Mrs. Davies, our form mistress and mother of the year. In her concern for us and in her wisdom we have perhaps found the consideration for others and the clear thinking we will need as we make our own lives in a world that will not always smile on us. Each year in the future will bring a different light to bear upon these school memories and we are looking ahead to new endeavors eagerly with the knowledge we have built up here.

From the Prefects especially I would like to extend a warm thank you to Mrs. Whitwill our patient and understanding Head Mistress, who has listened to our grievances and our requests and helped us fairly. She has also shared with us our pleasures including the lovely new Grade 13 floor which we enjoyed so much and which must have been a sizeable venture for the school.

Most of all we thank all the people of Elmwood, because without you the school wouldn't exist. It is each of you - the individuals that we will remember. I know the prefects and especially the three House Heads have come to know many of you well. In our new system this year, one prefect was assigned to one particular class a term and this has given us added opportunity to make friends. We have had fun and learned from you and perhaps you have learned from us. I am speaking, not only to the senior school but also to the juniors, whose interest and willingness to work have often saved House endeavors.

I would like to quote Janet Hughson who was Head Girl two years ago and say that "the prefects did have a few hair-tearing moments of annoyance but a perfectly disciplined school is no fun at all to run and I (too) would like to thank the girls who gave us those moments of excitement!

Perhaps for next year's prefects there will be more water outside than inside on the days when Elmwood girls take to the paper cups and the water faucets.

Participation in the extra activities of school life make for half the enjoyment and a great deal of atmosphere of Elmwood: Gilbert and Sullivan Productions, Formals, Sport's Spirit, Weekday Skiing and Suntanning will never be the same again.

Grade 13 itself has this year developed a unity of character. We have, I think, worked well together and enjoyed the year, each of us contributing to create unique and precious ties. We say good-bye to the past as we approach challenging new futures. But who really knows where the lines of division lay or when suddenly past, present and/or future may unite.

I would like to quote an Irish blessing:

*"May the road rise to meet you
May the wind be always at your back
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
the rain fall soft upon your fields
And until we meet again, may God
hold you in the hollow of his hand".*

Jackie Heard,
Head Girl.

HEADMISTRESS' ADDRESS

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Board, honoured guests, parents and friends, and students of Elmwood. It is once again a great pleasure to give you the annual report on **your school**, for it is **your school**. A private school in particular is an entity made up of its staff, its parents, its board, its friends and, most important of all, its students.

Your school has seen a year of very full enrolment. We have had, for instance, to buy new lockers. The most puzzling thing in looking back over the years is to figure out how on earth we used to manage in the days when those strange, nostalgic, names on the doors of the senior school — Golden Morn — Sleepy Hollow — Lands End — were really the names of dormitories. We have crept upwards now to take in all the available space on the top floor. (Those of you who have not yet seen the Grade 13 form room on this floor are cordially invited to do so). We can only go now beyond the foundations. I am going to come back to that.

First I would like to say thank you once again for the valued support given by Mr. Perley-Robertson and the members of the board, and to thank my staff who have given unstintingly of their time, their energy and their imagination. In these days, when we hear so much of strikes and controversy, their loyalty and their deep concern over every girl in the school is beyond praise.

Mrs. Aldous continues to be the stalwart back bone of our organization. For how many of you has the first contact with the school not been her cheery, "Good Morning! Elmwood! ". Always she manages to remain cheery through whatever vicissitudes the day may bring as we all of us make constant demands on her tact and understanding.

Mrs. Wood, in her first year as Headmistress of the Junior School, has made many friends. I know she has mixed feelings to-day as she sees her first Grade 8 pupils graduate into the Senior School. She works long hours and I know has the welfare of all her charges very close to her heart.

I mention these two out of all who have given so much, because time will not permit me to give fitting tribute to all.

I would also like to give special thanks to one member of our Board - Mrs. Beattie, - for her special contribution in opening her home for cooking classes for some of our senior girls, and for sharing her skills with them. Thank You! Mrs. Beattie.

We are very sorry to be losing Mrs. Brokenshire who is moving with her husband to Vancouver, Mrs. Dymond, who leaves us due to her husband's posting to Geneva, and Mrs. Grills who is going to England. We have been most fortunate this year in having with us Mrs. Badley who has done such valiant work in the physical education department in the absence, through illness, of Mrs. McLeod. Mrs. Badley will again be helping us with the Junior Drama Club next year, so it is not good-bye.

We welcome to our staff Mrs. Helga Richards in the mathematics department, an Honours graduate of University of Wales Miss Linda Outwin in the French department, Honours graduate of Liverpool University. Mrs. Jo-Lynn Sutherland, Physical Education specialist from the University of Alberta. Mrs. Cathy Wirick, honours graduate in Spanish and Latin American Studies, College of Wooster, Mr. Geoffrey Thompson, whom many of you know, for senior drama, music appreciation, and choir, and Mr. Graham for the teaching of private music lessons.

You will notice the increase in staff numbers due to the increased enrolment and our real desire to give the best that can be offered.

In addition Mrs. Labossiere will now devote herself entirely to the teaching of the commercial option here and at Ashbury while her secretarial duties will be taken over by Mrs. Green, wife of the Chaplin of Ashbury. We hope that all these people will be happy with us.

During the year we were inspected by the Department of Education and once again given the right to recommend our candidates for the secondary school graduation diplomas. We are recommending for the Secondary School Graduation Diploma 25 students out of a possible 28, and for the Secondary School Honours Graduation Diploma 16 out of a class of 17. Four of these have reached Ontario Scholarship Standard, an average of 80 percent. Most are proceeding to post-secondary education and have been already accepted by the University of their choice.

Of a class of 26 Grade 12 students, 23 will be recommended for Secondary School Graduation Diplomas.

At least nineteen will be coming back to us next year. I am going to introduce to you all the girls in the graduating classes a little later.

Special awards won by our students include the offer of a scholarship to Jennifer Chance, the winning of a Scholarship to Banff Summer School of Fine Arts by Marnie Edwards, a science studentship at Ottawa University by Diana Magee, and first prize in the Humane Society's Essay Contest by Deborah Chappell. In athletics we are very proud of the second place won by Sue Evans in the Ottawa Valley Track and Field Meet and of the fact that Marissa Goebbels was also able to represent us at that meet. Our junior relay team advanced to the All-Ottawa finals. We came recently to this competition and have hope for the future.

It is now time to announce our own Entrance Scholarship winners.

The Open Entrance Scholarship into Grade 9 was won by Virginia Dunsby of Greenbank Senior Public School.

The Mothers' Guild Scholarship from Elmwood Grade 8 into Elmwood Grade 9 was won by Ranjana Basu.

The Matriculation Entrance Scholarship into Grade 11 goes to Daphne Snelgrove.

It is our pleasure and our policy to offer each year the open scholarship that I just announced. We have continued to do so even though we are unable to handle all the applications made to us particularly for Grade 9. It is at this point that I want to return to the phrase I used earlier, and indeed also last year. Our next expansion must be beyond the foundations if we are to provide the facilities and space needed, and yet keep our classes small enough to maintain the personal relationships so much a part of Elmwood. You have heard the Chairman of the Board announce the very generous gifts to the "building-gym" fund. It is both — a new gym would in turn provide us with new classrooms where now the old gym stands — classrooms we badly need. The Mothers' Guild and the Alumnae gave a great impetus to this fund; the generous subsequent gifts of \$500. apiece from two anonymous donors put us \$1,000. farther along the road. We are more than grateful. May we now ask that every friend of the school bear this need in mind. We want to do the best work we can. An outline plan is being prepared. I would be most happy to see us in the position of being able to turn the first sod.

Mrs. Blyth's good wishes are with us this day. She warned me she might be far from a post office and therefore sent them early. In not much more than a month I will be with her and able to report progress. How much I shall have to tell her of you all — of the new Grade 13 room, of which I have taken photographs, — of our plans for the future.

I know we shall once again burn the midnight oil as long ago at Oxford. In the name of all our friends past and present I wish you all a happy summer and a successful coming year.

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 BELL, ELIZABETH A., COL. & MRS., 26 WICK CRES., OTTAWA 745-2882
 BELL, JANE F., COL. & MRS., 26 WICK CRES., OTTAWA 745-2882
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KERR, TESSA, 5C, MR. & MRS. G., 334 ACACIA AVE., R.LIFFE
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LEIGH, CYNTHIA, 5B, MR. & MRS. E.S., 70 LAKEWAY DR., R.LIFFE 749-9701
LI, GAILEY M.K., 6U, MR. & MRS. Y.G., 630 KING'S RD., HONGKONG 745-9508
LI, GAILEY M.K., C/O MRS. FIREMAN, 190 BUENA VISTA RD. ROCKLIFFE 745-9508
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LYNCH-STANTON, PAT., 5A, MR. & MRS. G.L., 2240 HALIFAX DR., OTTAWA 746-1615

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MARION, MOLLY A., 5A, MR. & MRS. J.A., 955 MOONEY AVE., OTTAWA 729-0817
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MARTIN, JANE LENNOX, 4B, MR. & MRS. F.S., P.O. BOX 861, STATION B., OTTAWA 771-5279
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